THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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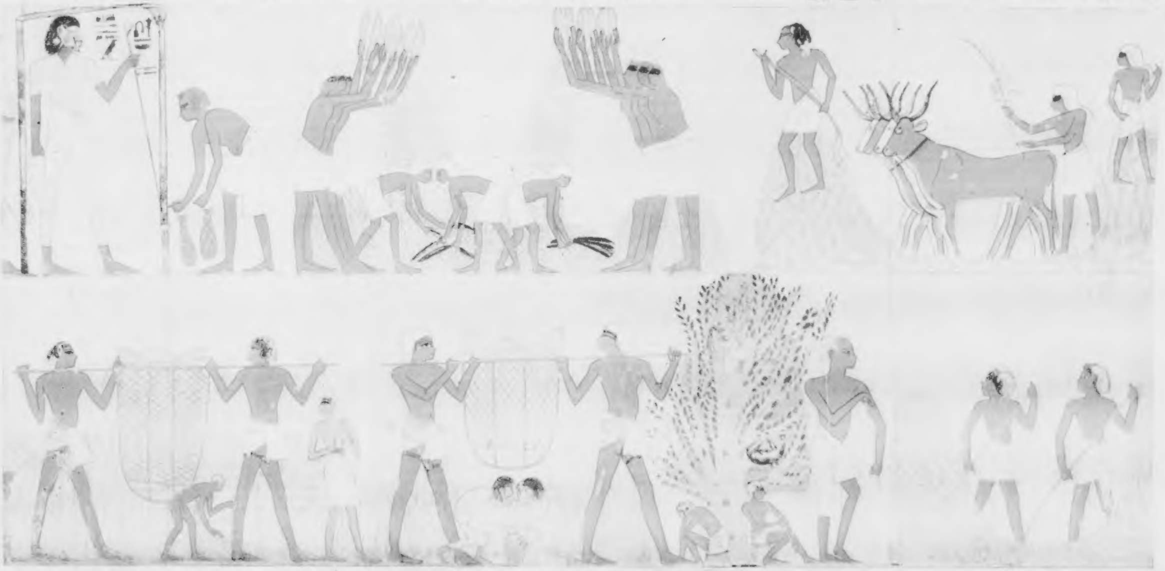
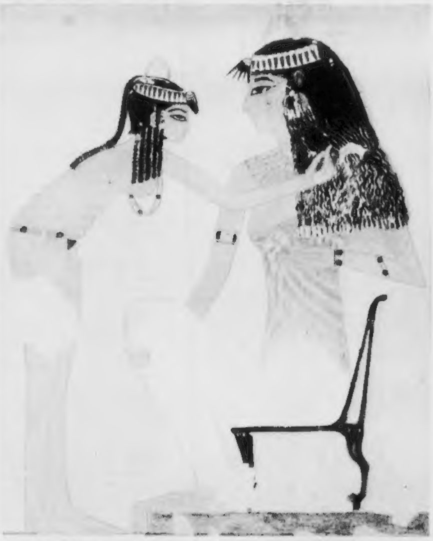
Sunday, March 14, 1937

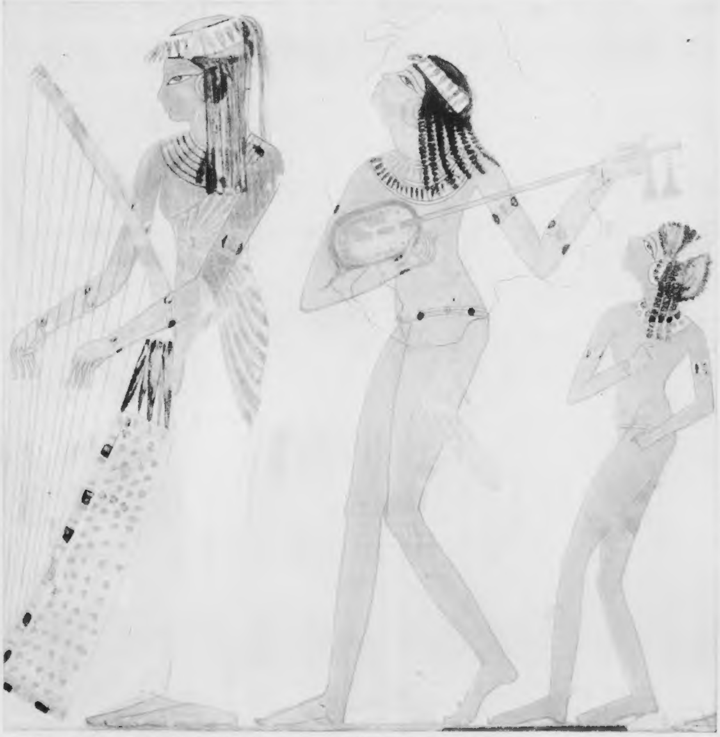
Newly Discovered Frescoes In Egyptian Tombs



The Story of the Harvest Starts in the Lower Left Panel and Moves to the Right to Return Backward Along the Top Panel to Where the Scribe Menna Watches From His Papyrus Shelter, for This Fresco Comes From His Tomb.



The Fine Lady Is Being Tidied Up a Bit. She Is All Sticky From the Cone of Scented Ointment Which Is Melting on Her Head From the Heat of the Banquet Hall.



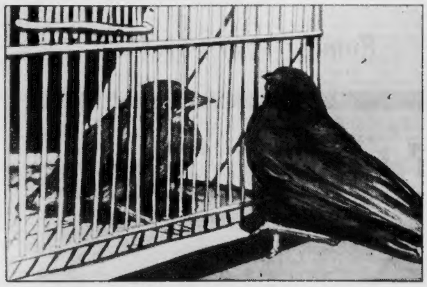
Musicians at a Banquet Are Giving the Lively Little Dancer Some Ancient Swing. The Leader Holds the Heavy Harp So That It Does Not Touch the Floor as She Plays. The Paintings on This Page Are Reproductions by Nina M. Davies of the Original Frescoes Published by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

SOMETIMES, in ancient Egypt, hatred would follow a man to the grave, and then enemies would scratch off his fair name and face wherever shown. Such apparently was the fate of Menna, a Theban scribe, whose duty it was to inspect all that went on in the fields, as the above recently-found harvesting scene shows. His head, at the left of the upper panel, is plainly defaced. This well-preserved fresco is probably dated in the reign of Tuthmosis IV, in the 18th Dynasty, 1420 to 1411 B. C., the same as the other two pictures.

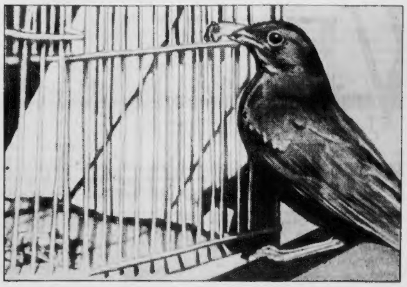
The other frescoes, from the tomb of the steward Djeserkara's tomb, are banquet scenes, but not the tame, modern kind. The little girl back of the harp-player seems to be snapping her fingers to make the dance extra "hot." The lutist, nude except for ornaments, is still a girl, for grown women were always shown dressed. In the next fresco, a handsome guest takes time out during the banquet. If the lady would stand up she would tower over the pretty young handmaid like a giant, for the Egyptians showed importance by size. The handmaid, nude but for girdle and beads, brushes off drippings. These, like the yellow streaks on the lady's dress, were caused by the usual banquet cone of scented ointment on her head. The cone melted as the party went on and things got warm.

These fine reproductions, made by Nina M. Davies at the tombs, have just been published by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, with the financial aid of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

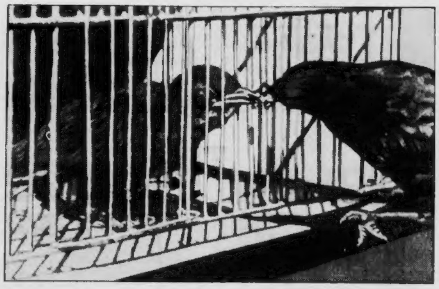
Maternal Love Story In Birdland Told By The Camera



In a Small English Town, This Baby Thrush, Injured by a Cat, Was Put in a Cage to Recover, and There Its Mother Found It. "Don't worry," She Seems to Be Saying.



"Come, baby," Cries Mother Half an Hour Later. She Has Been Out Foraging, and Has Returned With the Youngster's Dinner. But Baby Is Evidently Sleeping.



No, Baby Was Just Hiding, and Here He Is. Mother Feeds Him and Repeats the Service Every Day Until the Little Bird Is Well Enough to Be Released and Returned to the Nest.

THE three pictures at the top of this page show as striking and touching a case of mother love among birds as ever has been told by the camera. They were taken in an English town not far from London, and the actors are a thrush and her youngster, which had the misfortune to be caught by a cat.

Before the cat could kill and eat the young bird it was rescued and put in a bird cage for safety and time to recuperate from the wounds inflicted by the feline's sharp claws.

The saviors of the fledgling thrush, who also owned the cat, intended to release the captive as soon as it was big enough and well enough to fly and generally shift for itself. It was not until a day after the mishap that they discovered that they were not the only ones ministering to the baby. Its mother had been in the vicinity all the time and wasn't shirking her maternal duty, cat or no cat.

The human friends of the injured thrush kept out of the picture to see what the mother bird would do—and they were delighted at the show she put on. First she came to the cage and made a sort of clucking noise, which probably meant, "Everything's going to be all right—mama's on the job."

Then she went on a foraging flight and came back every little while with a worm or a bug which, with great care and tenderness, she put in her offspring's open mouth. One call the mother made to the cage found the infant huddled disconsolately in the corner, its head under its wing. Worn out from its unpleasant episode with a predatory and hungry cat the little thrush was taking a nap between feedings. The mother kept clucking nervously until her youngster showed signs of life and came hopping to the bars to gobble down another wriggling worm.

The observers made no attempt to feed the captive, although they did see that it was supplied with a dish of fresh water, because they had sense enough to know that Mama Thrush knew more about her baby's diet than they did. And as soon as the little thrush demonstrated that it had recovered from its wounds they took it tenderly from the cage and set it on the branch of a tree, being sure that the mother was in the neighborhood watching the transfer.

A step at a time the mother coaxed the little one to the higher branches and there gave sufficient lessons in flying to enable the youngster to take wing for some spot where there were no cats.

Whole Village to Move a Mile On Rollers

IT IS no longer front-page news when a citizen has his house put on rollers and moved to some other spot, but when a whole village changes locale in that manner it is news, especially to the 180 odd citizens of Plainfield, Ohio, who are doing the moving.

Sometime soon, about 20 homes, a couple of general stores, a garage and filling station and the post office will be jacked up off their foundations, put on rollers and towed a mile away to a site that is already picked out, neatly laid out so that every house will have a good plot and provided with a modern system of water supply.

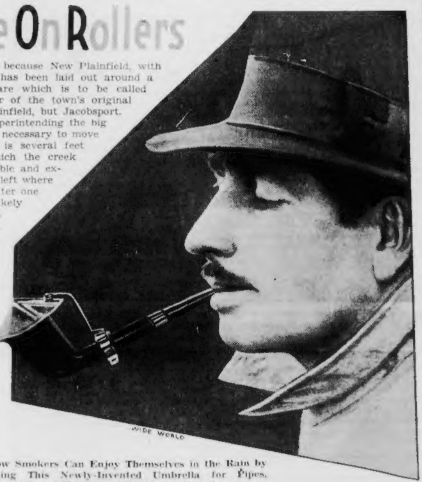
The village fathers didn't just get tired of the old spot, which the village has occupied for more than a century. The Plainfielders have to move because, if they didn't, the day would come when they would find themselves covered with the waters of Wills Creek. A project known as Wills Creek Dam is about finished and when it is put in commission the level of the creek will slowly rise until it covers almost all the land on which the buildings to be moved now stand. About the only structure that is above the line that the creek will take in the near future is a church. It hasn't yet been decided whether to leave the church there or move it along with the houses and post office and the grocery stores. If it isn't moved the people of Plainfield probably will put up a new house of worship on the location more than a mile to the west.

All of the residents of Plainfield have signed an agreement to move and the new village which will, properly enough, be called New Plainfield, has been carefully laid out by able engineers who know something about community planning. Property owners have picked out their new lots and a few of them have decided not to move their old homes onto these lots but to build bigger and better ones. The trekking citizens will be compensated for any difference between the value of their present lots and their new ones.

The folks who have to get out of the way of the rising Wills Creek are looking forward to the big job of shifting their whole community because New Plainfield, with its fine water system, has been laid out around a good-sized central square which is to be called Jacobs Square in honor of the town's original name, which wasn't Plainfield, but Jacobsport.

Engineers who are superintending the big job say that it won't be necessary to move the schoolhouse, which is several feet above the mark to which the creek will rise. To save trouble and expense the school will be left where it is, and a new and better one will be erected in a likely spot at the new location.

Some of the good people of Plainfield have a warm feeling in their hearts for the old site and wish that it wasn't necessary for them to move. But they are resigned to the situation and understand that the new dam and the millions of gallons of water which it will impound will do a great deal to add to the prosperity of their section of the country. None of the buildings are very large, so that rolling them away won't be a difficult engineering feat.



Now Smokers Can Enjoy Themselves in the Rain by Using This Newly-Invented Umbrella for Pipes, Clipped Neatly and Firmly on the Stem.

Umbrellas for Smokers' Pipes

LONDON.

WHAT with all the fog and rain that the citizens of the British capital have to put up with, it is high time that some inventive individual thought up something like the boon to smokers shown in the photograph at the left. It is a gadget to keep the moisture and the rain out of a pipe, and is the clever brain-child of a Londoner who is pretty well fed up with the difficulties of keeping his briar going in sultry weather.

It's a simple device, consisting of a small metal clip that fits over the stem near the bowl, a short piece of thin wire and an "umbrella" of mica. With a flick of a finger the cover can be tilted back out of the way, while the pipe is being loaded with tobacco, and dropped forward again when the pipe is lighted. It is so made that enough air gets in around the edge of the "umbrella" to provide the draft necessary to comfortable smoking.

The original model of the device was made from odds and ends and cost the inventor less than five cents, and he estimates that a concern making the "umbrellas" in quantity could retail them in cigar stores for about ten cents apiece. He has, he says, tested the contraption in all sorts of weather, from a light fog to a pouring rainstorm, and proved that it does all that it's intended to do.

There are, of course, pipes with perforated metal bowl covers on the market. This type of pipe is not new, having been popular in Germany for more than a century. But the British inventor denies that these Teutonic pipes inspired him, and that he was thinking of working out some device which would make it possible to smoke outdoors in wet weather. The German pipes have covers something like those hinged lids on beer steins, and some of them are fashioned of solid silver.

The clip on the stem comes off easily and the "umbrella" doesn't need to be kept on the pipe all the time. In fact, the inventor would make the attachment in such a way that it can be put on and taken off in a jiffy. He frankly admits that the cover adds nothing to the appearance of a pipe and explains that it isn't intended to. Its function, he says, in good Oxford English, is "purely utilitarian," meaning that the "umbrella" is built for practical use and not for tricky ornamentation.

The conical cover does not have to be made of mica—that transparent mineral substance that is sometimes put in the doors of stoves because it is non-inflammable and can stand a great deal of heat without cracking. There are several less expensive materials that would do just as well for the working part of the ingenious device.

How the Sunday School Grew Out of a Chicken Coop Into a New Chapel

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY, with handsome churches and wealthy parishes, get out neatly printed annual reports setting forth the sound condition of their physical property and the progress made in the spiritual lives of their constituents. But none of these estimable gentlemen can point with greater pride to their accomplishments than a pretty and soft-spoken young woman, who is doing "God's work" among the poor people in a mountainous section of Maryland.

This young woman's name is Pauline Welty. She's 18 years old and lives with her father and sisters in New Salem, which is close by Hagerstown. In the Summer of 1934, when she first moved to New Salem, she quickly noticed that there were a great many children who, for lack of go-to-meeting clothes and interest in religious matters, were not going to Sunday School.

Because she is, herself, an enthusiastic student of the Bible, she began to think of ways of doing something for these boys and girls. On the property that her father occupied was a dilapidated chicken coop, a fairish sized building with clapboard sides, a slanting roof, a door and a couple of windows. The Weltys didn't keep hens in it and, in her imagination, it became a sort of chapel and community house.

With the help of her sisters she scrubbed the coop clean, washed the windows, patched the floor here and there and brightened it up with a little paint. Then she went about the neighborhood inviting youngsters, and their folks, too, to join a Bible class.

The coop-chapel was christened on July 8, 1934, with an attendance of fifteen youngsters.

People in the neighborhood began to perk up their eyes and their ears to the work of this modest but efficient girl. When her pupils became so numerous that there wasn't room for all of them inside the remodeled hen house they went into action, bought a lot of land and raised enough money to build the chapel shown below.

Today it has a thriving congregation of some 175 people, who think Miss Welty is the best Bible teacher in the world, bar none.

The girl doesn't like to talk about herself because she believes that humility is a part of the life of a Christian who is sincere in his effort to bring religion into the lives of others.

The Original Non-sectarian Sunday School, Near Hagerstown, Maryland, in Which the First Class Was Held. Just a Plain Chicken Coop.

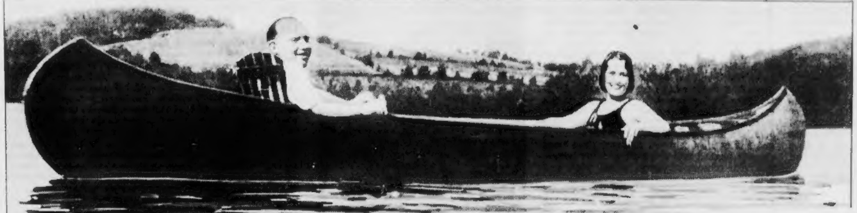
The Present Class Which Could Hardly Be Crowded Into the Original Coop. But If You'll Just Glance to the Right You'll See How the School Has Grown. From the Old Ramshackle Coop This Neat and Business-like Sunday School Building Developed With the Help of Popular Subscriptions by Citizens Impressed by the Ardor of the Young People and Their Pretty Leader.

And Here's Zealous Pauline Welty, Eighteen, Who Started It All, and Who Acquired Fame Without Realizing It.

How Schoolmarm Kennedy Kept Tabs on Her Gay Husband

With Her Battery of 3 Binoculars Trained on Her Rival's House Opposite, 7 Windows to Look Through, a Luminous Pencil to Put Down What She Saw, and 14 Bulky Diaries to Hold It, She Puts to Use Her Experience With Naughty Children

And With Her Binoculars Lined Up Along the Window-sill, the Clock and Luminous Pencil Doing Duty, the Diaries Rapidly Filling, the Telephone at Her Elbow, to Check Up on the Time, Schoolmarm Kennedy Put Down What Went On in the House Opposite, Minute by Minute, While Sometimes Pa and Others of the Family Helped Out From the Other Six Windows.



Rare Photograph of Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Aston in a Canoe, Part of Mrs. Kennedy's Court Exhibit.

Mrs. Zoe Aston, Who, Mrs. Kennedy Charged, Was Preferred by Her Husband to His Perfect Wife.

Mrs. Blanche Kennedy, Who Says Her Husband Told Her He Didn't Want a Perfect Wife—and Proved It.

BLANCHE B. KENNEDY, school teacher of Brooklyn, N. Y., had to be her own truant officer to find out why her lawyer husband, Herbert B. Kennedy, was "playing hooky" from her bed and board. When she discovered that he was taking homework to the home of attractive Mrs. Zoe Aston, she rented an apartment with seven windows facing that home. What she and other witnesses suddenly saw "would fill a book." in fact it filled fourteen diaries.

Just before her husband departed, Mrs. Kennedy pointed out that she had been a perfect wife to him ever since their marriage in 1924, among other things always making a good salary and spending it to keep up her end of the household expenses besides getting his breakfasts and dinners.

"But I don't like a perfect wife. I'd rather have one that would drink and carouse with me, once in a while," she says he said, as he reached for his hat.

In her twenty-one years experience as a school-ma'm Blanche has listened probably to a million excuses and become rather skillful at guessing which ones are good. She guessed that her perfection was not the real reason why he preferred to live at the Y. M. C. A. than with her. Her husband had also complained of her prim, exact schoolteacher methods, and said they were no good outside the school-room.

It was true that she could not send the truant officer after him, nor bring him before the principal nor even send a tactful letter to his parents, asking them to make their boy behave. But her wits had been sharpened by constant conflicts with ingenious little cheaters and there were other methods, by which her exactness and accuracy against their carelessness often brought out the truth.

First, Mrs. Kennedy kept an eye on the office and noted that Mr. Kennedy was frequently leaving in the afternoon with a brief case. That meant home work, highly meritorious in a school teacher's eye but also frequently used as an alibi. When she saw that he was taking that home-work not to the Y. M. C. A. but the home of the charming widow, Mrs. Zoe Aston that seemed to her to explain everything.

But Blanche decided it was time to explain it to a jury, which she may have imagined would be something like making a report to a board of trustees who insist on having everything proved as accurately as a geometry lesson. Perhaps it was unwise, but the school teacher could not resist her habit of asking his excuse for being there. Kennedy explained that Mrs. Aston's husband had recently committed suicide, and Mrs. Aston was in need of much legal advice. Since he had known the Astons socially, it was proper as well as more convenient to do this work at her house.

That sounded like a perfectly good excuse, but Mrs. Kennedy did not believe it. The Aston residence is at No. 3417 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, and Blanche lost no time in renting an apartment right across the street at No. 3420 Clarendon Road, where seven empty windows stared at the Aston home.

Everyone likes a school teacher for a tenant because they know that she has to be quiet and respectable, but this one was so quiet that they often thought she was dead. Rarely was this tenant around in the daytime, but most every evening, just after dusk, she and sometimes a companion would slip in, like ghosts. The superintendent down in the cellar was puzzled that the wheel of her electric light meter scarcely moved, and looking up at her window he saw that she must be sitting in darkness. Another thing that he and the engineer could not figure out was why a school teacher, who ought to be learned and intelligent, should want the screens taken out of her windows, as if she didn't know the mosquitoes would come in and bite her.

She was a pretty good customer of the telephone, but the switchboard operator no doubt wondered why she called practically nobody but Meridian 1212, where the only thing you get is the time.

In her bedroom was a luminous clock, and on a table beside the bed, drawn up close to the window, was a supply of luminous pencils, making it possible to write in the dark without giving enough light for anyone in the house across the street to see it.

Armed with one of these glowworm pencils, a diary and three sets of binoculars of three different strengths, Mrs. Kennedy flitted like a ghost through the dark apartment from one window to another according to which gave the best view of what was going on across the street. Indeed, one of her spy-glasses was so powerful that Mrs. Kennedy was able to identify the ingredients of a salad that Mrs. Aston was feeding Mr. Kennedy.

Her father, Charles Berle, and her brother, Charles Berle, Jr., sometimes kept vigil with her and occasionally took her place, each keeping a diary and each armed with a spy-glass. Every thing they saw they jotted down with the exact hour and minute, according to the nearest clock. At intervals they called up Meridian and checked the accuracy of the clocks.

According to the diaries, on only one occasion did any of them see Zoe and Herbert examining any thing that looked like legal documents. What they said they beheld was mostly kissing and more violent love-making, eating, and going out for long night rides. Blanche decided that if lawyers earn their fees that way, no wonder it is such an overcrowded profession.

One night when his sister had a headache from the strain of staring through binoculars at sights that made her infuriated, her brother Charles took her place and, in court blushed as he testified to what he saw. He said:

"I saw them sitting on the sofa in the living room, Kennedy and Mrs. Aston. There was a great deal of loving. Mrs. Aston was holding my brother-in-law on her lap. She had her arms tightly about his neck. Well—I tell you it was all very embarrassing."

The elder Mr. Berle related that he had seen equally embarrassing sights and rough-and-tumble love-making, through a pair of high-power marine glasses lent him by a naval officer. Zoe tried to shake Papa Berle's credibility by testifying that the window through which he claimed to have seen these sights was, on that date, modestly screened by the leaves of a maple tree fifteen years old, but that there would have been nothing to see anyway except the most decorously proper legal consultation between lawyer and client.

After the witness had been excused and thought he was all through, someone brought what appeared to be startling news to the defense, and Mrs. Aston's attorney, John Lyon, asked to have the elder Berle recalled to the stand. As soon as this was done, Mr. Lyon asked in sepulchral tones:

"Is it true that you have a glass eye?"

"Yes," said Mr. Berle.

"Then," thundered the lawyer, "why didn't you say so?"

"Because nobody asked me," replied the witness so simply that most everyone laughed. Later tests seemed to show that Mr. Berle could see about as well with his one eye as the average person with two.

Mr. Lyon was irked by Mrs. Kennedy's frequent description of the kisses she said she saw as "l-o-n-g" ones. Finally he asked her just how long they were and for once this most exact witness on matters of time was vague. She replied:

"Well, it seems a long time when you see another woman kissing your husband."

Blanche also told the court why she thought her husband's homework at Zoe's home was not so innocent, even before getting her spy glasses working. The perfect wife said that she had been perfectly happy from the day of their marriage in 1924 until 1930 when Zoe's influence began to have its effect.

But, according to Herbert, a perfect wife is not so desirable as might be supposed. For one thing she could never be induced to take more than one drink in an evening. Of course the only sober person at a "souse" party has a dreary time listening to the talk and watching the kittenish behavior.

On a Labor Day party in 1931, Blanche says her husband sang "I'd climb the highest mountain" and after each verse discarded an article of his clothing. When a young and pretty woman does a "strip-tease act," that is one thing, but when a middle-aged man does it, his wife needs a lot of drinks to prevent her from thinking it a pathetic sight. At least that is the way Blanche feels about it and when he finally had nothing much left but his pants, she ordered him to stop, but Zoe, she said, urged him to take them off, too. Zoe's husband, the late George Aston, tried to suppress his wife but only got his face slapped. However, Herbert did retain the trousers.

Mrs. Kennedy related that she had never been able to get her husband into a bathing suit, yet for Zoe he wore one. They would then take a canoe and paddle away in the dark, leaving Blanche to look at the aurora borealis.

It is unwise to try to improve a perfect wife. Once on a West Indies cruise, Herbert at last got his wife to take more than that lone drink and regretted it. He related that she became so intoxicated as to mistake him for her own mother, try to climb out the stateroom porthole and queer them with the most important passengers on the ship.

Kennedy's friends were following the promiscuous kissing fad popular for a while at "soused-spouse parties," but Blanche would not do it, and when somebody reproached her she is said to have remarked:

"That's only done by sophisticated morons."

Blanche said Zoe not only drank and kissed with sufficient liberality to suit Herbert, but she had a playful trick of kicking cocktail glasses away from his lips.

"I thought once it would knock his teeth out," she said. "But it didn't and apparently he liked it."

It was pointed out to Blanche that George Aston made no objection to this behavior, to which she replied:

"No, but he committed suicide."

Mr. Kennedy, on the witness stand, did what many considered a risky thing because likely to turn a jury against him. Looking his wife in the eye he said:

"I have nothing but hatred for her. She has done more than anything else in the world to hurt me and I am not forgetting the German machine guns I faced during the war either. I got three bullets in me but they did not hurt as much as she did. Life for me was just three meals a day and a roof over my head."

Kennedy said that his wife's jealousy of Mrs. Aston became so awful that she would order him to stop thinking of Zoe. If she was going to practice mind reading on him that was going too far, and at this point he retreated to the Y. M. C. A. However, he claims to have made several efforts at reconciliation until he learned that she had given all his clothes to the elevator boy. That was unforgivable.

Zoe's aged father, Raymond Shannon, testified that Herbert's presence in the house was purely legal and platonic, as did other witnesses including the defendant's twenty-year-old daughter, Dorothy Aston.

The jury awarded the school teacher six cents damages, which meant that they believed the spy-glass evidence but thought the affections Zoe had alienated were of only nominal value.

Though the verdict was a moral victory for her, Mrs. Kennedy burst into tears. Later she said, "This is very tough luck for me." The verdict was about one 300-millionth of the $200,000 she had asked. Zoe put on what may have been a slightly-forced smile, but the most interesting gesture was made by Mr. Roscoe Jones, insurance man and Zoe's present husband. By some process of reasoning Mr. Jones seemed pleased at that verdict and embraced his forty-five-year-old wife as if it had been a vindication.

Mrs. Aston-Jones said: "I won't appeal. Why should I go through all this again? I will give Mrs. Kennedy two three-cent stamps and call it quits."

Family's Narrow Escape As Suicide Fell From Plane Through The Roof

AN airplane droned through the dusk, 3,500 feet above the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Padalecki. Inside Mrs. Padalecki was ironing. A friend, Miss Annie Gawlik, held the Padalecki's two-and-a-half-months-old baby boy, Alvin. The sound of airplane motors meant little to this household, living on the edge of Stinson Field, the municipal airport of San Antonio, Texas.

Suddenly the ceiling seemed to explode and something came hurtling through it. A meteor-like missile missed the two women and the baby by inches, then crashed through the floor out of sight. There was another explosive report and choking flames rose from a broken gas main in the cellar.

Terror-stricken, the two women ran from the house, Miss Gawlik still carrying the baby. In the street they found a group of their neighbors, talking excitedly. One of these told them of seeing the body of a man plunge from the airplane circling above and crash through the roof of the house. It was not until then that Mrs. Padalecki and Miss Gawlik became aware that the object that had wrecked the house and narrowly missed crushing them to death was a human body.

Just a short time earlier Arture Trevino, handsome, twenty-four-year-old San Antonio grocer, had appeared at Stinson Field. He approached Victor James, pilot, who was giving his sight-seeing plane a going-over.

"Will this plane fly?" Trevino inquired. James assured him that it would, and the young man indicated a desire to take a sight-seeing hop over the city. The flight was arranged and Trevino paid the $3 fare.

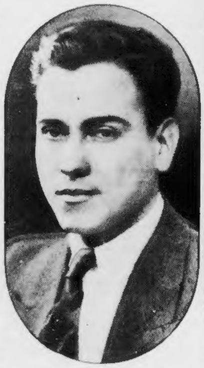
James brought out a parachute for his customer, but the latter declined to put it on, explaining that he had flown before and wasn't at all nervous. The passenger rode in the rear cockpit of the ship. He wore a flying helmet and goggles supplied him at the airport, and he was securely held in his seat by a safety belt.

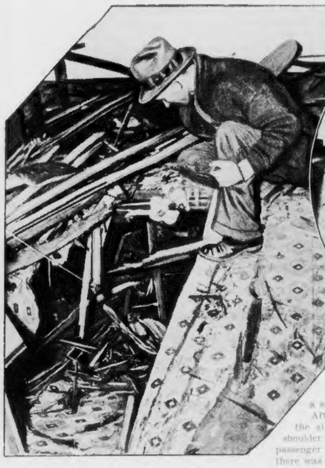
After only a few minutes in the air, James felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked back and his passenger pointed down. Thinking there was some object Trevino wanted to see, the pilot banked his craft and began to circle.

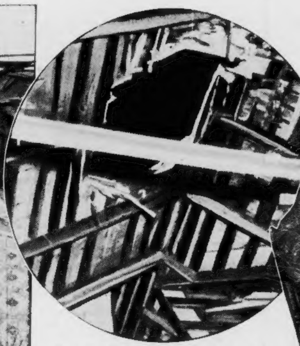
Suddenly the plane began to shake, and, as Pilot James explained it, "got heavier in the nose." Realizing something was amiss, the flier looked behind him. His passenger had loosened his safety belt and was perched on his seat, with one foot on the edge of the cockpit. He looked at the pilot, smiled, waved his hand and leaped.

When police answered the call to the Padalecki home they found Trevino's body buried beneath the floor.

The parents and brothers and sisters of Trevino, who was a bachelor, were unable to offer any motive for the plunge. He had a prosperous business and was in apparent good health. A romance?—they knew of none. The victim took his secret with him.


Arturo Trevino, the Grocer, Who Decided To and Did End His Life by Leaping From a Plane 3,500 Feet in the Air.


But He Didn't Land on a Field. His Body Hurtled Toward Earth and Then Plunged Through the Roof of the Padalecki Home, Leaving This Gaping Hole.


Close-up Photograph of the Hole in the Roof as Seen From an Upper-Story Room.

These Three Occupants of the House—Mrs. Padalecki (Standing), Miss Annie Gawlik and Baby Alvin Padalecki—Missed by Inches the Fate of Being Crushed by the Falling Man's Body.

Why English Costumers are Growing Rich

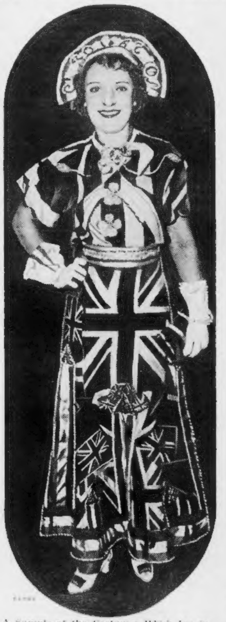
THOUSANDS of Britishers may feel exceedingly sorry for the shift which recently took place on the throne of the empire. They may wish that the King who is the figurehead of their nation was named Edward VIII instead of George VI, although few citizens give public utterance to any such thought. But the change in monarchs hasn't had any depressing effects on the business of the designers and makers of coronation fashions because a coronation is a gala event in the life of the empire.

For more than a year the London dressmakers have been busy making all sorts of outfits for women to wear at the coronation and the many social functions that will celebrate the crowning of the new monarch. Some of these dresses are for the smart Mayfair trade and the most lavish of them will cost several thousand dollars. Others, more modest, are for women of the so-called upper middle class. They may run anywhere from $50 to $200. Still others are being turned out by the dress manufacturers who cater to the masses without much money to spend for clothes.

From now until the day of the coronation ceremonies the sewing machines of the country will be humming, turning out these outfits, making a lot of money for the producers. Several plants have already indicated that they have cleaned up small fortunes appealing to the feminine citizens of England who want to be patriotically and correctly dressed when King George VI actually takes over the reins of empire.

The young woman shown in the photograph at the right is wearing a type of coronation gown which will be popular at the many fancy dress balls which will be held all over the British Isles during the fortnight preceding the coronation rites. It is a bit too blatant for the snootier parties, but it is as British as the Union Jack. In fact its motif is the national standard and has at least a dozen different sized flags cleverly worked into the skirt and the bodice. The color scheme, of course, is red, white and blue.

Shoemakers also have reaped large profits during these months of preparation for the big show and have turned out hundreds of different models of coronation shoes, some of which are also ornamented with the mingled crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, the design of the British flag.


A Sample of the Costumes Which Are in Demand All Over the Empire for Fancy Balls, Parades, and Other Spectacles. Coronation Plans Go On, Even Though England Has Changed Kings.

They Took Movies of the 2-Family Feud

THE courts of this country are forever settling rows between families who for one reason or another, can't get along peacefully. Usually the judges arrive at their decisions after sifting the flood of all allegations and "evidence" presented by the angry litigants.

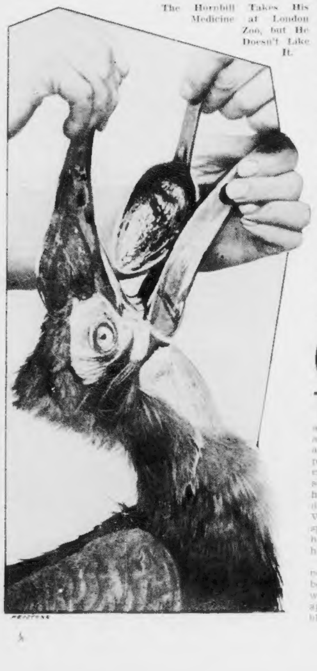
It is seldom, however, that a justice on the bench has the benefit of such evidence as was brought into his court the other day by one Olle Schjolin, of Pontiac, Michigan. Mr. Schjolin had been having trouble with his next-door neighbor, Theodore Mueller. For months they had been arguing and, at last, according to the plaintiff, the defendant laid violent hands upon him. Schjolin insisted that Mueller was the aggressor in the feud between the two families and advised the judge, Justice Ben Winter, that he had brought along visible evidence to back up his testimony.

The judge was unprepared for such goings-on before his bar but was ready to consider the evidence, whatever it might be. It was several hundred feet of film taken with one of those small movie cameras and the plaintiff had brought a projector into court in order to show the movies.

The courtroom was darkened, a sheet was hung up and the show began. The lawyer for the plaintiff acted as a sort of lecturer, interpreting the pictures as they flickered on the screen. "This shot," he said, "shows Mr. Mueller dumping gravel on the plaintiff's lawn. The next few pictures are not as good as they might be because of the poor light that day, but it will be plain to the court that Mr. Mueller is teasing the plaintiff's dog, a mean trick, inasmuch as the dog has no part in the squabbles of these neighbors."

But the best pictures of the lot, in the opinion of spectators in the courtroom were those which plainly showed Mr. Mueller painting a fence. Mr. Schjolin said it was a "spite fence" which the defendant had put up between their houses. There would have been more footage to this sequence, said the plaintiff, if Mrs. Mueller hadn't threatened to slap Schjolin with a shovel if he didn't quit shooting pictures of her husband.

Difficulties of Nursing a Sick Hornbill


The Hornbill Takes His Medicine at London Zoo, but He Doesn't Like It.

BILL, an African hornbill, at the London Zoo, can't stand the fogs and the damp spells of weather that are so frequent in the British capital. He gets the snuffles and stands all humped up and disconsolate in a corner of the cage.

The keepers don't know whether they can do anything for Bill or not, what with him used to the torrid temperature of the African jungle. But every now and then they try by approaching him with a bottle of cod liver oil and a big spoon. The treatment has worked on other winged "critters" brought to London from warmer climates and perhaps it will bring relief to this hornbill.

In the photograph at the left the business of giving the bird his potion of builder-upper looks simple, but it's really quite an ordeal, not only for the hornbill but for his caretakers. He doesn't like the taste of the oil and he runs about the cage trying to get away from his friends. They have to corner him and grab hold of his long and powerful beak before he slashes their gloved hands.

It is considerable of a job prying the beak open and holding Bill still until the medicine is all the way inside him.

Ideal Secretary's Secret is "Charm"

IF YOU can smile—and really mean it—and manage somehow to be serene and unruffled even if things go wrong at the office, you'll be a success as a stenographer, says pretty Miss Fay Newman, of Salt Lake City. Formerly she was an elevator girl, Sunday School teacher and hosiery sales-girl, who recently was named "Miss America" of the secretarial world.

"The country is full of girls, good-looking ones, too, who can typewrite well and take dictation rapidly," according to Miss Newman. "But," continues the twenty-five-year-old, auburn-haired prize winner, "the country is not so well supplied with secretaries who know the value of personal charm in their work.

"It's almost literally true," she says, "that an employer is no better than his secretary. After all, the secretary is the 'front' for the boss, and if she makes an unfavorable impression upon an office caller she places her employer under a handicap at the very start.

"I do not underestimate the necessity for efficient workmanship. I take it for granted that any young woman who undertakes a secretarial position will be prepared to type, take shorthand, keep her files in a tidy fashion and, above all, know how to spell. But if a girl should ask me, I'd also advise her to cultivate a pleasant disposition.

"Many capable women miss promotion because they forget the importance of being charming."

Two Snapshots of Miss Fay Newman, the "Ideal Secretary." She Is Shown Posing in Her Office at Her Desk, and While Quietly Pounding Out the Mail on Her Typewriter.

Cut off Wife's Nose—At Her Request

THE police and the judges of Rumania frequently run up against strange cases of Gypsy law, which stretches their patience and often makes it difficult for them to arrive at just decisions. Not long ago the police arrested one Sandor Varga, a Gypsy bass viol player in the village of Satmar. His crime was cutting off his wife's nose and it was her screams of pain that brought the officers to his house. The job was thoroughly, if not expertly done, by the time the police arrived—but Mrs. Varga begged the officers not to arrest her spouse. Having her nose hacked off by her husband was, she said, an old Gypsy custom and her own idea.

It seems that Gypsy males have cut off the noses of faithless wives for centuries, in the belief that the marred features will make the women less attractive to other men. It also appears that Mrs. Varga recently fell for the blandishments of the first violin player in her husband's orchestra and ran away with him for a few days.

Her husband didn't know of her faithlessness and Mrs. Varga, according to her testimony in court, didn't tell him until she again felt that she was going to take a little trip—this time with a zither player. She remembered that she is the mother of eleven children and that Sandor always had been a good husband to her, so she confessed her sin and asked him to help her stay a good wife by trimming her nose.

Sandor, filled with Romany anger at these revelations, whipped out his knife, only too glad to grant the request. His wife just couldn't help from screaming during the crude surgical operation, so they both wound up in the police station and, eventually, in court.

The judge assigned to the case has little patience with Gypsy law and sentenced the musician to six months in jail.

Science Still Finding New "Sixth" Senses

One of the Queerest Is the Sense of Balance, Another Is the "Temperature" Sense, and Every Human Face Is "Wired-Up" With a Trigeminal Nerve, Indicating Our Pre-Human Ancestors Had Cat's Whiskers

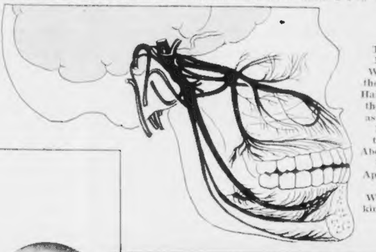
The Peculiar Ability of Some People to Detect the Presence of Unseen and Unheard Visitors May Be Traced to the Extreme Sensitivity of the Temperature Sense—Nerve Cells in the Skin That Can Feel the Heat Waves Sent Out From Living Bodies.

IN ADDITION to the proverbial five senses, science is constantly finding new ones, some like the sense of balance rarely reaching the consciousness, unless they get out of order and others, like the trigeminal sense nerve in the human face all "wired up" and ready to work again, any time that mankind grows cat-whiskers in his face again.

A number of the newly-detected senses and some of the older ones, seem to have appeared or been greatly improved since the ancestors of the human race evolved beyond the fish stage but others have deteriorated and still others, like the chemical sense in the skin of a fish, appear to have been lost forever.

Besides the ordinary sense of touch which everyone possesses, many animals like the cat, have a special touch sense, connected with feeler whiskers. Somewhere in the remote past, humanity's ancestors must have sprouted those cat-whiskers and no doubt used them in prowling around in the dark. This must be so because behind every human face of man, woman or child, lies the trigeminal nerve, with its ramifications, the same nerve that carries messages to the cat's brain when something touches the tip of one of its whiskers.

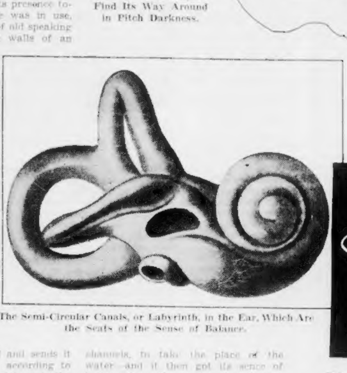
A "Cat's Whiskers" Seem to Be Just What That Slang Term Implies—Something Really Worth Having—and It Now Seems Probable That Pre-Human Ancestors of Man Once Did Have Them a Few Million Years Ago. Controlled by the Highly Sensitive Nerve End of the Trigeminal Nerve on Each Side of the Face. These Long, Stiff Feelers Are What Gives the Cat Its Ability to Find Its Way Around in Pitch Darkness.



The Trigeminal Nerve Endings Which Controlled the Long, Movable Hairs, Still Exist in the Human Face, as Shown by This Diagram; and the Photograph Above Shows What Would Be the Approximate Location of Such Whiskers If Mankind Had Retained Them.

Men, when they refrain from shaving, grow a beard and moustache over that area but not the long, stiff feeler-whiskers. So this trigeminal whisker-nerve, disconnected on the outside has been just a useless piece of wiring for millions of years. But its presence today proves that it once was in use, just as finding of a set of old speaking tubes sealed up in the walls of an ancient house proves that the system once was in use.

If Nature should plug in an outfit of cat whiskers on the human countenance, is there reason to believe that the ancient nerves which haven't performed any service since prehuman days, would still be able to carry the current for that special sense today? A mysterious disease, known as trigeminal neuralgia gives agonizing evidence that the old nerve can still carry plenty of nerve voltage and is still hooked up on the brain end. When some obscure cause wakes up the trigeminal and sends it on a rampage the pain, according to the opinion of many physicians, is the most severe a human being ever feels. Therefore when a cat has a fit, it may be that she is suffering from an unbearable pain in her whiskers.



The Semi-Circular Canals, or Labyrinth, in the Ear, Which Are the Seats of the Sense of Balance.

One of those "sixth senses" that has recently received special attention, because of its importance in aviation, is the sense of balance. As explained by Prof. William K. Gregory, distinguished American scientist, the organs of balance, which are located behind each ear and which resemble tiny carpenters' levels, are now believed to be an inheritance from remote fish ancestors.

Millions of years ago, long before there were any land creatures, the earliest form of fish developed a series of open channels, called "lateral lines," on the outside of its body, extending from each side of the head back to the tail. As the fish swam about, it could tell from the flow of water through these channels whether it was going with the current or against it, and also how to keep itself upright. This was the beginning of the sense of balance.

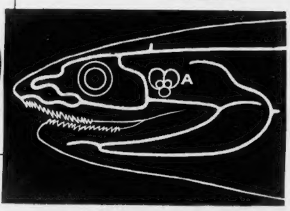
At first the lateral lines were merely grooves, but in later species of fish the little furrows began to close over, until they became something like a system of pipe lines, just under the surface of the skin. But they did not close entirely, and through innumerable small openings, or pores, the fish was still sensitive to any change in water pressure.

The next step came when the fish started secreting its own fluid in the channels, to take the place of the water and it then got its sense of balance from the water, at each tiny pore, pressing on the secretion in the lateral lines.

But evidently this sense of balance was not all it should be, for the fish next started developing two additional sets of similar channels on the inside of the head, one behind each eye, to assist the lateral lines. Each of these consisted of a series of loops, called the "semi-circular canals," and they also contained a fluid secreted by the body. These loops were arranged in three different planes so that when the fluid in them shifted its position, as in a carpenter's level, a more accurate sense of balance could be maintained.

As ages went by, some fish became amphibians, and when they came out of the water to live on land, their semi-circular canals developed a sensitiveness to sound vibrations, and the ear evolved. But the sense of balance continued to be centered in the semi-circular canals, or labyrinth of the ear.

Thus the liquid now hidden inside these three small canals of a human balance organ is the direct descendant of the sea water that flowed in and out of the balance grooves of the fish's head. As a human head tilts this way or that, this liquid moves slightly in the canals affected by the head movement. Tilts in one direction or another are accompanied by changes of the fluid pressure. From this, the small nerve endings connected with these canals acquire the information which they transmit to other parts of the body, constituting the balance sense.



Primitive Fish, Man's Remote Ancestors, First Maintained Their Balance by Sea Water Flowing Through Open Grooves on the Outside of the Head (the Broad White Lines). These Later Became Covered, and Later Still Evolution Produced the Rudimentary, Semi-Circular Canals (A), Which Ages Afterwards Became the Labyrinth of the Human Ear.

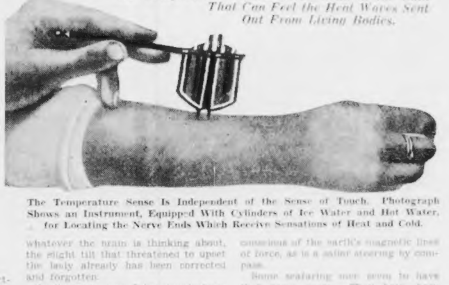
Much of the mystery of the balance sense has recently been cleared up in a pair of weighty volumes written by Dr. C. U. Ariens Kappers of the University of Amsterdam, in Holland, the late Dean G. Carl Huber of the University of Michigan and Dr. Elizabeth C. Crosby, also of the Michigan institution. The secret is that some of the nerve fibers from the balancing organs behind the ear do not move upward toward the brain when they reach the spinal cord. Instead they turn in the opposite direction and move downward toward the toes.

These authorities, in tracing the origin of the sense in the fishes, show why the fibers ran away from the brain. For these fishes to be able to move instantly and correctly in the water was a necessity both for escape from enemies and in getting a living by catching food. An animal that could not tell every instant whether it were right side up or upside down, or that could not instantly distinguish right from left, might do well enough as a sea-bottom worm but would be a bad failure as a fish.

In ancient days it proably was of very little importance whether the fish's brain had any news of the organ's activities or did not. The brain was small and plenty busy with its own affairs. So nature evidently decided that it would be just as well not to trouble the brain about body balance, but to let the grooves around the fish's head take care of all this for themselves, by sending direct to the muscles such orders as would keep the body automatically in the proper right-side-up and head-foremost position. Even in the later amphibians, the data cited by Dr. Kappers and his associates shows that most of the nerve fibers from the balance organs in the head proceed down the spinal cord instead of up, some of them going to the tail.

Even in man, Nature still clings to this ancient arrangement. The former tail has shrunk and vanished but many of the fibers from the balance organs in the ears still run down the backbone, to connect with nerves that then supply the muscles of the back, the trunk and the legs, which muscles have taken over the duty of keeping the pody pointing in the right direction, originally discharged by the tails and fins or flippers of the amphibians or the fish.

That is why the balancing of the human body still is so nearly unconscious so far as the brain is concerned. A little wrong tilt creates a signal in one or both of the balance organs. This signal travels instantly over the direct nerve wires to the proper muscles to correct the tilt. By the time that the other feeler signals which do pass upward to the brain over the few fibers running in that direction have had time to reach that organ and break through whatever the brain is thinking about, the slight tilt that threatened to upset the body already has been corrected and forgotten.



The Temperature Sense Is Independent of the Sense of Touch. Photograph Shows an Instrument, Equipped With Cylinders of Ice Water and Hot Water, for Locating the Nerve Ends Which Receive Sensations of Heat and Cold.

In the same way, false signals from the balance organs, like those due to electricity, actually upset the body by sending wrong orders to the muscles before the brain has time to realize that anything is wrong.

For instance, if a piece of ice, the tip of a warm flatiron or a small electrode carrying a mild electric current is touched to the bump of bone behind each ear the result is astonishing. The victim of the experiment promptly falls over toward one side as though drunk or stunned. Whoever carries out the test must be prepared to catch his subject to prevent a fall and possible damage.

This is because the balance organ has been shocked into a condition, the same as if it had received false impressions and therefore gives false orders to the muscles.

Vestiges of the senses of time, direction and distance so strong in some animals are still found in many human beings. The time sense is perhaps the least mysterious because most everyone knows one of those gifted persons who before going to sleep can set his mind like an alarm clock to wake him up at any hour he pleases. A dog, dozing on the porch, hears the whistle of the 5:15 train from the city, continues to doze 14 minutes more, then saunters slowly down to the front gate and just at that moment his master appears around the corner, unless he has stopped to do an errand. The dog isn't psychic, he simply times the boss.

Senses of direction and distance are more mysterious. Dogs have been taken in railroad baggage cars, where they could get no view of the passing country and in ships where there was nothing to be seen but water and sky, yet found their way home traveling great distances overland through strange country.

The carrier pigeon, one of the best-known animal travelers, has given a clue to the sense of direction but not that of distance. When released under the aerial of a powerful broadcasting station the birds show a curious difficulty in getting their bearings.

This is believed to indicate that the radio waves upset some sort of magnetic apparatus in the pigeon's nervous system by which they are ordinarily conscious of the earth's magnetic lines of force, as is a sailor steering by compass.

Some seafaring men seem to have that same sense. They have been known, after tacking back and forth all day in a thick fog and wind of variable strength, to suddenly feel that they were exactly off the mouth of the harbor they sought. And putting the helm over, in due time there it was, though they could not have known it by seeing, hearing or any other ordinary sense.

In the skin, there are organs of at least three senses in addition to touch. One of them is the pain sense. Another is the sense of cold. The third is the sense of heat.

When the sense of heat is extremely sensitive a person can sometimes detect the presence of another person, such as a burglar hidden under the bed by feeling the heat from the intruder's body.

If a square inch of skin anywhere on the body is marked off in smaller squares about the size of a pin-head, like a miniature checkerboard, and if each small square of this checkerboard then is touched lightly with a needle, it is found that only a few of the squares possess any nerves of touch.

Similarly, if each square is touched gently with a delicate splinter of ice or with some other cold object, the nerves of cold can be identified individually. Only about ten per cent of the squares in the complete checkerboard will be found to have any. Nerves that perceive heat are still scarcer, as may be proved by touching each small square in turn with a tip of a warmed metal rod. Pain nerves are the commonest of all in the skin.

What would happen if the pain nerves were as sensitive as the others is indicated by the occasional person in whom these pain nerves do become especially sensitive. For such an individual ordinary life is excruciating agony. Every touch of the clothing feels like a million knives sticking into the skin. Ordinary people can get some idea of this by remembering that there is one bit of the surface of the body that has no touch nerves but only pain ones, with these pain nerves adjusted to maximum sensitivity. That spot is the transparent surface of the eye, or cornea. This eye surface does not feel touch, heat or cold, but only pain, but it feels that pain enough to make up for the other lacks.

Why The Boys Serenaded A Dead Woman

ONE NIGHT recently the watchman of the cemetery in Miskolc, Hungary, was startled out of his sleep by strange sounds coming from the graveyard. He dressed hastily and went out to see what was the matter. In the pale light of the Winter dawn he saw two well-dressed young men standing beside a grave and singing softly to the music of a gipsy band.

The watchman stared at the group in astonishment. He could not understand why people should choose a graveyard, of all places, at this time of the night, to make merry with the accompaniment of gipsy music. Yet the two young men were obviously enjoying themselves.

The watchman requested the two men to leave the cemetery telling them that they had no business to give a serenade to the dead in the middle of the night. When they refused to go away, he called a policeman and the nocturnal disturbers were taken to police headquarters.

They were Ede Farkas and Kalman Halmos, cousins. They had taken the gipsy band to the cemetery because they wanted to give a serenade to Esther Bato, a woman who has been dead for seventy years.

They told police officers that in their childhood they had often listened to tales by their grandfather who had been a smart man-about-town in his youth. Dashing and debonair in his dealings with women, he had been struck dumb and timid in the presence of lovely Esther Bato, the most beautiful girl in town. She was a delicate and exquisite flower-like creature, brought up by a doting father in a way which would have spoiled most girls. Yet she remained sweet and modest.

Esther was nineteen, but as simple as a child, and her modesty disarmed even Halmos.

But at last Halmos decided to take his courage in both hands and to make a declaration of love to Esther. The best way, he thought, to let her see his devotion to her would be to give her a serenade. This used to be the accepted form of courtship in Hungary. The gallant and romantic custom has gone out of fashion lately, but at the close of the last century it was quite the thing to do. Serenading had its proper conventions and traditions, strictly observed by the maiden under whose windows the love-lorn swain postured himself with the gipsies, playing "Only One Girl in the World for Me."

After making sure that the serenade was indeed intended for her, the young woman had to light a candle and put it in the window, as a sign that the serenade and the young man were welcome. If she failed to light the candle, it was a sign that she did not want to have anything to do with the serenading young man.

There at the Grave Before the Eyes of the Astonished Watchman Were Two Youths Singing to the Music of a Band of Swarthy Gipsy Musicians.

It sometimes happened that the girl, calm of conscience and blessed with the gift of profound sleep, was not awakened by the music. In this case her parents would take the matter into their hands. They would peep out to see who the young man was. If he was eligible, a suitable husband for their daughter, they would arouse the girl and light a candle for unless a light blazed forth from the girl's bedroom window, the young man would go away.

Halmos, one night, seventy years ago decided to give a serenade to Esther Bato. About midnight he took up his place in front of the Bato house with a gipsy band and was just about to give the sign for the beginning of the serenade, when a window in the basement opened and the caretaker of the house pushed his head out.

"Hush!" he whispered, "please do not make any noise. Miss Bato is very ill. She has pneumonia."

Halmos all but went mad that night. He sent the gipsy band away and spent the night walking to and fro in front of the house, knocking now and then at the caretaker's window to ask for news. The girl had high fever, he was told; her heart was very weak, her strength was failing. Then, towards the small hours of the morning, he was told that Esther Bato was dead.

Although Halmos married a few years later, sired children and grandchildren and lived to a comfortable old age, he could never forget lovely Esther Bato.

He often talked about Esther to his two favorite grandsons, Ede Farkas and Kalman Halmos. He told the boys how tragic it was that the poor girl had died on the very night when a serenade would have been given to her for the first time in her life. The two children listened to this tale with great interest and the lovely figure of Esther Bato lingered in their memory.

They remembered Esther every time they passed the Bato house which Esther's father had bequeathed to the parish. Old Bato, crazy with grief at the loss of his only child, locked the door after Esther's body was taken away and made a will in which he forbade anyone, even the future owner of the house, to enter the room which was sacred, because Esther had lived and died there.

The two young men told police that although Esther Bato ceased to be a topic among them in recent years, they remembered her on the previous night when they were drinking at a restaurant. They remembered that it was the anniversary of the day on which, seventy years before, Grandfather Halmos wanted to give a serenade to the girl who was dying in her room. They had emptied a few bottles of wine and felt exhilarated and uplifted. They felt intensely sorry for the beautiful young girl who died before she should put a candle in her window.

They took the gipsy band to the cemetery, climbed over the fence and looked for Esther Bato's grave. The romantic-minded young men were fined ten pengos (2 dollars) each for disturbing the peace, but because of the sentiment involved the fine was later suspended.

Tortured By Television, Say Victims Of Strange Phobia

NOW that so much is being said about television, some people are getting quite excited about it. The truth is that it will be many a long year before there is practical household television. Many people associate it with the telephone instead of the radio. They think it will allow them to be seen over the wire by strangers.

"Are we really going to have television? I hope not. It would be awful if I answered the phone by mistake when I wasn't dressed," women remark.

Actually, television will come to the home, when it comes, through a receiving set much like a radio. Just as one cannot be heard without a microphone to talk into, nobody can be seen without being in front of a televising camera. But there are many silly notions about it.

Television companies, some of which would like to sell a little stock, have had some weird experiences with visitors who imagined they were haunted by television. They believe unseen enemies watch them just as many half-wits were sure they were being personally addressed over their radio, usually by scoundrels bent on doing them out of a lot of money.

In one radio case the wife of a traveling salesman imagined that one of her husband's business acquaintances had remembered her in his will, but some villain had learned of it and continually kept tabs on her through her radio to keep away those who wanted to deliver her fortune to her. She thinks she hears arguments between these two groups over the air. Sometimes an announcer's conversation assumes a suspicious personal meaning to her. This suspicious attitude is a symptom of paranoia, the commonest mental disease. Generally harmless, these people suffer great mental agony, but can't be changed from their beliefs.

Out of the Mirror in the Privacy of Her Bedroom, the Deluded Woman Insisted, Crept Leering Gangsters, Miraculously Transported by Television.

A few months ago one television company had a series of calls all very much alike. The first was from an attractive young girl who lived in an outlying part of New York City. She appeared much interested in television and asked many questions, getting such courteous answers that it was only a short while before she began to confide in one of the officials.

"You know," she said, "I see people by television and people can see me. Are there stations broadcasting now? Anyhow, these people have one."

"What people?" said the official.

"The ones who are always spying on me," she replied.

"Why, nobody can watch you in your home even by television. You have to have a station."

"Oh, but these people can. They're very clever. You wouldn't understand the kind of people they are. They watch me every night. I think they're trying to keep me from some money I'm supposed to get."

"How do they watch you without a camera?" he asked, hoping to be able to reason with her.

"They see me through the mirror. I hate to say so and you won't think it's nice, but they—they even look at me when I take a bath. I want you to help me find out who they are."

It was only a week or two later when another case turned up. A neatly dressed woman, apparently of moderate circumstances, visited the same official and started the conversation in virtually the same way.

"I saw your name in the phone book and thought you might help me," she began.

"Yes," he replied politely. "What can I do for you?"

The woman looked around cautiously. "I want to find out something. Can people see what you are doing by television?"

The official knew what was coming. "Nobody can see you by television unless you are in front of a camera," he explained, thinking of his studio.

"Yes that's what they have, a camera. It's hidden in my room so they can watch me every night when I undress. It's terrible but that's what they do. They torture me."

"Torture you? How?"

"They come through my mirror at night. They watch me all the time. Then they come out and stick pins in my arm and burn me. You can't know the awful things they do. I'm going to get a lot of money and they found out. I saw the police but they wouldn't do anything."

"But who are they? Do you know them?" he asked.

"Sure. They're gangsters. They stand on the corner near my house and laugh at me when I go by. They're cruel and very smart. The cops are all with them. I see the police in the mirror too. They stay there and laugh while they cut my arm. All the politicians are in with them."

Suddenly she grabbed her arm. "Oh, they're cutting me now. They're burning my back," and she groaned.

"But where are the scars? I don't see any on your arms."

That remark annoyed the woman. But she had an answer.

"The marks go away. They're clever, I tell you." She opened the door. "You'll see. They'll be after you now." And with that warning she was gone. From time to time others came. They were mostly women, always suspicious of forces working through television to do them out of vague fortunes.

One business man in New York learned that a friend of his was interested in a television company and from that time on would have nothing to do with him. He claimed his former friend was watching him by television in order to steal away his aviation plans.

Another television executive in California tells of a woman who once came to his station and announced that her child had been kidnaped by means of television. She probably thought people could be distintegrated by television a la Buck Rogers and put together someplace else. This would be a great trick if it really could be done for then one could be transmitted from here to London with the speed of light. But investigation showed the woman never had a child.

In Long Island City there is a woman who sees television pictures on the ceiling of her bedroom every night. A green light would appear there and in it she saw better pictures than her husband, a television engineer, had ever been able to produce. Strangely, television images are actually produced through a green fluorescence. Another woman in Philadelphia had the same experience but in her case it was a Peeping Tom watching her which embarrassed her.

Scientists and lunatic asylum doctors know that mental cases of this type are the most common ones known; such subjects always keep up with the latest development in science and fasten their delusion on that. Just now it's television; before that it was radio. What these poor unfortunates don't know is that television is a long, long way off. The president of the Radio Corporation of America recently announced "Ten years from now perhaps."

If any television outfit says practical, commercial television is just around the corner and tries to sell the reader some stock, put one hand on your watch and the other on your pocketbook and run.

Television as a technical matter is undoubtedly successful. But many problems in economics and public service are so knotty that they will require years of solution.

Surgery Gives Cry Back To Baby Born "Cryless"

MRS. OTTO GREGO'S baby, when he was born sixteen months ago, at once became an event in Millvale, a suburb of Pittsburgh. Instead of producing the indignant yell expected of new-born babies, he just coughed politely. Days went by, but not once did he bawl out, for this was a cryless baby. He seemed healthy as could be, yet never did he exercise his tiny vocal cords in the traditional way of infants. The news spread, and neighbors flocked to the Grego home to view this marvel. Nobody ever heard of such a thing, and Mrs. Grego was a proud mother indeed.

"It's my night to howl," goes the popular song, but most babies feel that way every night. Many a mother, wearing out the carpet walking her own to sleep, has wished for such a noiseless infant as Mrs. Grego's. This dark-haired, lively little boy didn't complain even when he had baby insomnia; every night was silent night for his parents. The child, named Eugene, seemed the answer to every mother's prayer; he just lay in his crib and smiled and yawned and frowned.

But so phenomenal was this behavior that neighbors began to say it was "too good to be true." It didn't seem natural, and Mrs. Grego also began to fear this was the case. After all, the noise that a loud-mouthed baby makes is really a "racket," for usually it gets what is wanted as a bribe to keep it hushed up. A baby's clamor from the moment it is born is more eloquent than any language it will ever learn because there is nothing like a good cry to get prompt service. That any baby would of its own accord want to give up this effective way of getting things done seemed past belief.

That is why Eugene's parents began to wonder whether he was being prevented from crying by some force stronger than he. Hoping there might be some special medicine to make him a cry-baby, they took him to a doctor. Then they found out that Eugene's not crying was no laughing matter. It turned out that the child had an obstruction in the larynx, a condition medically known as "Palloonia," which kept him from giving his emotions vocal release. Every time little Eugene felt like blubbering and couldn't, it hurt him.

To end this condition, doctors a few months ago performed a bronchoscopic operation on the quiet child at the St. Francis Hospital in Pittsburgh. When, as a result of this, he had his first cry, his parents wept with him out of joy. In weeks that followed he became a busy noise-maker, for there were months of silence to redeem. He wept and gurgled and chuckled and lisped a mild "mama" and "dada." Then, suddenly, the sound-box stopped working again. The silence was unbearable now that his parents had happily heard him cry.

Back went Eugene to the hospital, and a second operation was made on his wind-pipe. Until the wound could heal, a temporary tube was put in his throat for him to breathe through. The doctors and parents are confident that this time Eugene's cure is permanent and that he will remain free to make a nuisance of himself as much as he wants.

"He was a wonderful baby from birth," said Mrs. Grego. "He appeared normal in every way, but I felt sort of uneasy about his not crying. A mother does get worried when her baby never cries at all. I have learned from sad experience that a crying baby makes the sweetest music in the world."

Too Strange For Fiction, It Really Happened

THE REVEREND CHESTER HILL, 45, rector of the Episcopal Church in Sonora, California, the other day met his father for the first time in a manner that no fiction writer would be likely to imagine and write. If a story or the movies had depicted such a meeting in their plots, both public and critics would most certainly have laughed out loud and called the incident improbable and absurd.

Newspapers have carried many stories pointing out the hazards that a motorist takes by picking up a hitch-hiker late at night, yet, it was just this that united the father and son, who otherwise might have gone all their lives without knowing each other.

The Reverend Mr. Hill is the regular rector at the Sonora church. Not many miles away is Tuolumne, a smaller community. The rector serves Episcopal worshipers in that town also, and goes there every Sunday night to hold services. On this particular Sunday evening, the rector was en route from Sonora to Tuolumne to preach. As he drove along in his small automobile, he noticed a hitch-hiker walking slowly along the highway.

Now the Reverend Hill reads the newspapers regularly. He has read many items about the danger of picking up strangers. But the good Samaritanism, which he had so often preached to his congregations in California and earlier in Kansas, cropped out.

The minister brought his car to a stop. He offered the weary hiker a ride. The offer was eagerly accepted. The minister started his car on down the highway, wondering just a little if he had done the smart thing, after all.

It was in a natural flow of conversation that the stranger related circumstances which resulted in his traveling afoot. He disliked anyone to believe he was doing it of his own accord. The passenger explained he had gone to Sonora on business. While in the city his car had broken down, and it was necessary that the machine be left there.

As the minister's passenger was anxious to reach home that night, there was no alternative but to walk. So he had set out, hoping some kind driver might stop and give him a lift. However, the hitch-hiker explained further, he had little idea of being so fortunate as to find a traveler going to Tuolumne, for that was his home.

Fate must have enjoyed a laugh at this unusual spectacle. Here were a father and his son riding down a highway in the same motor car and both bound for the same destination, yet to each other they were perfect strangers. Upon learning of his passenger's home city, the Reverend Mr. Hill spoke again.

Against His Better Judgment the Rector Picked Up a Weary Hitchhiker, and in This Manner He Dramatically Met His Own Father for the First Time.

"So you live in Tuolumne, do you," he said, principally to make conversation, and possibly to keep thoughts of anything harmful from his passenger's mind, should a guest for the few miles be anything other than an unfortunate motorist or a hitch-hiker.

"Well," the jovial minister continued, "we should know each other. I'm the Episcopal minister there."

The stranger did not seem particularly impressed, but did feel necessarily apologetic for not having attended the services. But he offered the explanation that he had served 30 years in the United States Navy, and prior to that service had been at sea. Consequently, he added, it was not in his training to attend the regular night services on land.

"Well," spoke up the minister at the end of his companion's short narrative, "I'm Rector Hill of the church and I'll be glad to have you attend our services."

"My name is Hill, too," the stranger replied. "It is Clark C. Hill."

The minister stared in amazement at his companion.

"In what State were you born?" the rector inquired with some anxiety in his voice.

"In West Virginia," came the reply.

The minister had always been an advocate of safe and sane driving. He has preached sermons with this theme and he practices what he preaches. But on hearing the answer of his companion, the rector momentarily lost control of his car. The machine was halted at the edge of the road. The rector turned off the ignition, and turning to his passenger asked:

"Are you from Littleton?"

Turning his answer into an inquiry, the seaman said: "Is it possible that you are Chester?"

"Yes," answered the rector.

"I am your father," said the passenger, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and the father who had never seen his son embraced his "baby."

The senior Hill and his wife separated before the Reverend Mr. Hill was born. After the separation, Reverend Mr. Hill's father had gone to sea. There was a divorce. Later both the father and the mother remarried.

Soon after her second marriage, Reverend Mr. Hill's mother moved westward. This was while her former husband was on the seven seas. The former husband and his wife lost all trace of each other.

After serving 30 years in the Navy, the senior Hill, whose rank was that of chief petty officer, moved to a cottage in San Diego to join his second wife and his daughter. Following ten years of residence in that city, the retired naval officer went to Tuolumne where he bought a home, with the intention of living there to take treatment for asthma and bronchitis. Until the unusual ending of the ride given the hitch-hiker, the senior Hill, now 70 years of age, was unaware of the whereabouts of the boy and little dreamed the village rector was his own son.

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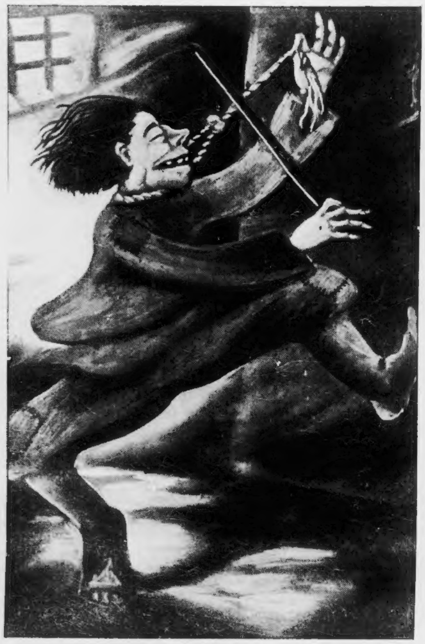
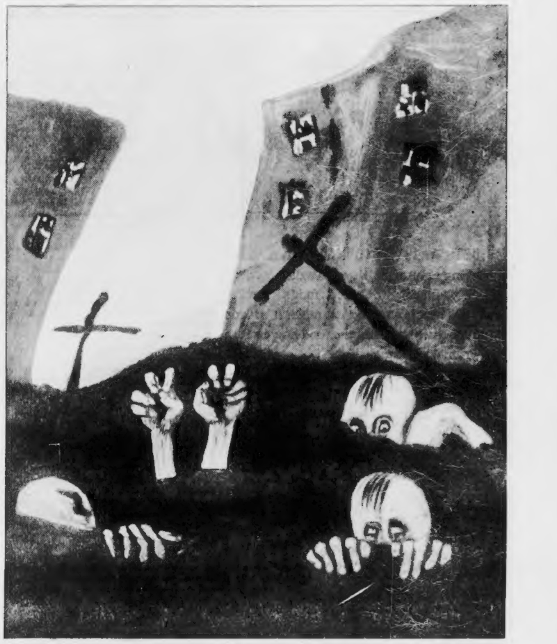
Weird Paintings by a 12-Year-Old Genius



"Danse Macabre" Is What Little Roswitha Calls the Jig of This Convict Who Mocks His Death Sentence by Fiddling Out a Rasping Tune on the Hangman's Frayed Rope.

Miss Roswitha Bitterlich, Who Loves Lollipops, Wears Pig-tails, but Insists on Creating Morbid Pictures About Death.



The Child Painter Calls This "Resurrection."

IN INNSBRUCK, historic old capital of Austria's Tyrol, there is a pig-tailed little girl, only twelve years old, who loves lollipops. Yet innocent little Roswitha Bitterlich has ideas, which she puts into pictures, that one would look for from some cynical, disillusioned painter of perhaps fifty years who loves the macabre and never knew, or forgot half a century ago, such things as pig-tails.

This "wonder child of Tyrol" is a daughter of a retired petty official and looks just as natural as a healthy child should look. Her eyes, set in a sweet face, seem a little sad, but they are not troubled; she has a clear vision and a peaceful look. Yet out of her, repeatedly, pour the darkest thoughts ever to find artistic expression. The simplest and most natural things, once viewed by this doll-faced girl, are twisted into disturbing and shadowy affairs. The most confirmed cynic would be troubled to see her at work.

One might as soon expect an angel to draw powerful pictures of hell. "Out of the mouths of babes come words of wisdom," it is said, but here is the wisdom of the grave. She conceives the world in terms of madness and horror of which no infant is supposed to have the faintest suspicion. Roswitha draws things the way she sees them, crazy and scary.

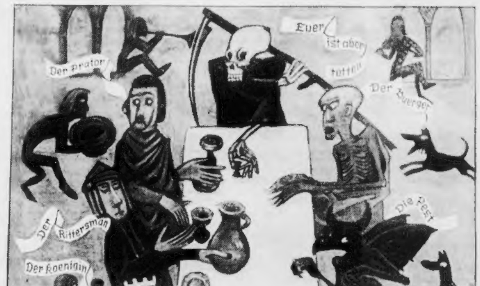
Scholars, artists, authors, even royalty, have journeyed to see and talk to her, and all alike are still puzzled by her. They compare her pictures with the melancholy distortions of El Greco, the macabre moods of Aubrey Beardsley, or the creations of Blake in his moments of wildest fantasy.

But how a little girl can paint such things, nobody seems to know. To be sure, such thoughts do come when one is mature, and it has been pointed out that the pig-tailed girl is endowed with grown-up ideas, so far as painting is concerned. Even if she has such ideas, how can she express them so facilely? The question is justified, for her technique is almost professional. Instead of being naive, some of her drawings are so sophisticated that they put even the grown-up surrealists to shame. Roswitha's talent is to do unreal pictures on unusual subjects in a realistic way.

At an age when an average child is just learning to draw ears as well as eyes in a sketch of a face, she had mastered all the advanced problems in outlining what she wants to say. But this very skill is the easiest thing about her to explain. "Practice makes perfect," a proverb explains.

The twelve-year-old dream-child has been making pictures for nearly ten years. Her mother tells how, when she was only seventeen months old, little Roswitha sat up in her cot and began to draw. "She has been drawing and painting ever since," says her mother. At first the child only made aimless marks with her pencil. Then one day, alarmed, the mother brought her husband a picture which the baby had just drawn. It was a shapeless jumble, but there was something frightening about it, just the same.

The father, himself an amateur painter since he has retired, recognized that some queer talent was trying to express itself in the child. He believed that such instincts must not be repressed, because then there would be danger of the expression turning inward and harming the child's character. Therefore he told his wife not to stop the child from drawing; but, on the other hand, he was not willing to encourage this unnatural talent. Therefore he taught her nothing; but Roswitha watched how her father held his brush and saw the way he mixed his colors.



PHOTOS PICTURES INC.

At "The Banquet of Death" Sit the Judge, the Knight, the Queen, the Squire, the Common Man, Plague, War, and Vanity: "All Are Doomed to Death," Reads the Inscription.

But her father, it seemed to her, lacked imagination. All he did was sit down and copy bowls and flowers and fruit, and once in a while a tree. This did not suit Roswitha at all. At the age of eight she persuaded one of her two brothers to pose by promising to make a "colored" picture of him. Then, using a mirror just like one of the old masters, Roswitha painted herself into the picture also. Nobody disturbed her because she was working in her own room—she had long ago insisted on a room of her own, where none might enter. This weird picture has been praised as the most superior "first" portrait in oils ever created by a child.

But for some reason, Roswitha didn't like oil-painting as much as black and white drawing. After a few more tries at the canvas, she went back to her happier medium. Apparently in the world of light and shadow, which a piece of charcoal supplies in the hand of a creative genius, she is most at home. Deep, dark shadows seem to be ideal for her strange, gray-beard visions.

Her imagination pictures the world, not as a bright and colorful place, but drab and haunted with spectres and frail ghosts. Mrs. Bitterlich often anxiously used to ask her daughter: "Why don't you make pretty pictures instead of such sad ones?" But Roswitha didn't know, so how could she answer?

Even the learned professors who come from leading universities don't know how a childish hand can produce such visions. Perhaps there is no explanation, except that genius comes as it wills, without any discrimination, even with respect to age. Like death, inspiration may come to anyone, at any time, and nothing can be done to prevent its arrival.

This was realized by Karin Michaelis, the Danish authoress of "The Age of Innocence," who visited the child at her home. This writer is one of the few who have been able to talk to the girl, for she is shy to a point of obsession. The sight of a stranger causes her to shrink back in panic and distrust, and for days at a time she locks herself in her room rather than meet whatever "nice man" happens at the moment to have journeyed to Innsbruck to meet her. She lives in a private world, of which none may know except from her pictures.

Of her Michaelis wrote: "She seems to be a harmonic child, yet under the quiet surface of that face are abysses of which the child herself has no knowledge. If she were impeded in her uprush of creation, Roswitha would go mad."

Some of her drawings are too ghastly to be reprinted, yet in the school-girl there is no cruelty or cynicism. It is as if, at times, "imps" from another world get into her and, having had their way, leave her as tranquil as before.

Some of the best descriptions of taverns ever written are the product of George Eliot, an English woman novelist, who never saw the inside of a tavern in her entire life. In the same way, Roswitha, with the insight of real art, can portray shattering emotions which are entirely beyond her knowledge.

Thus, she can create a picture like the "Danse Macabre," shown on this page.

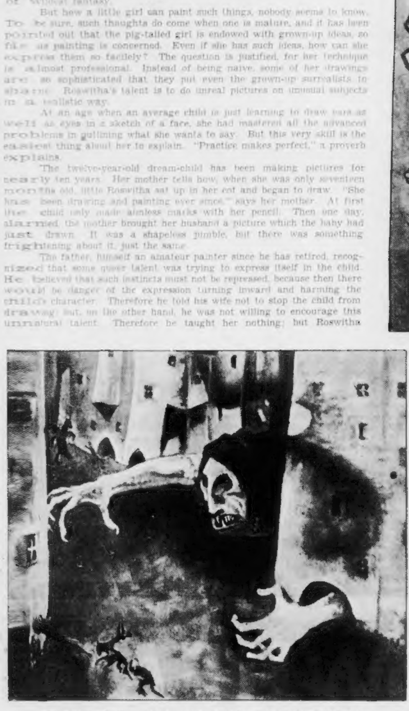
Her hero has the gay desperation of a beggar condemned to be hanged. In patched pantaloons he does a jig of death in his sombre prison cell, using the rope about his neck to scrape out a tune as if it were a fiddle. Hogarth, who illustrated the works of Charles Dickens, could not have shown a more pitiful scene. It is all the more poignant because it has an element of humor.

In "Resurrection" she shows the clenched hands and skulls of the dead as they might rise at Judgment Day, the murderer and the murdered alike crawling out of the black earth. In the background the buildings careen insanely as if rocked by an earthquake as the material world crashes to dust.

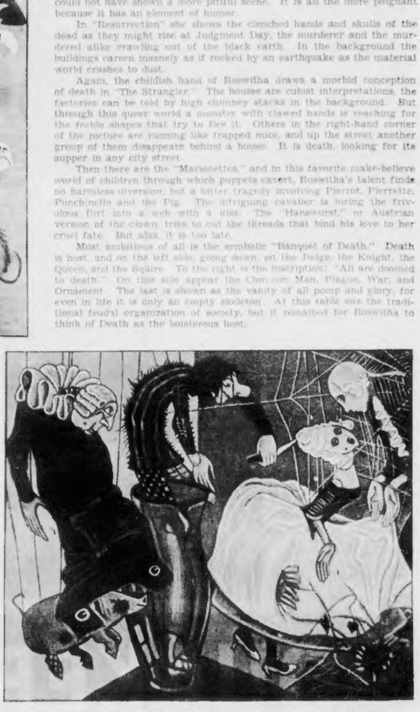
Again, the childish hand of Roswitha draws a morbid conception of death in "The Strangler." The houses are cubist interpretations, the factories can be told by high chimney stacks in the background. But through this queer world a monster with clawed hands is reaching for the feeble shapes that try to flee it. Others in the right-hand corner of the picture are running like trapped mice, and up the street another group of them disappears behind a house. It is death, looking for its supper in any city street.

Then there are the "Marionettes," and in this favorite make-believe world of children through which puppets cavort, Roswitha's talent finds no harmless diversion, but a bitter tragedy involving Pierrot, Pierrette, Punchinello and the Pig. The intriguing cavalier is luring the frivolous flirt into a web with a kiss. The "Hanswurst," or Austrian version of the clown, tries to cut the threads that bind his love to her cruel fate. But alas, it is too late.

Most ambitious of all is the symbolic "Banquet of Death." Death is host, and on the left side, going down, sit the Judge, the Knight, the Queen, and the Squire. To the right is the inscription: "All are doomed to death." On this side appear the Common Man, Plague, War, and Ornament. The last is shown as the vanity of all pomp and glory, for even in life it is only an empty skeleton. At this table sits the traditional feudal organization of society, but it remained for Roswitha to think of Death as the boisterous host.



"The Strangler," a Nightmarish Painting—and Even Scientists Cannot Explain Where Roswitha Gets Such Ideas.



"The Marionettes," Showing the Intriguing Young Man Luring the Foolish Lady Into His Web.

SAYS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of **"WEE WILLIE WINKIE"** 20th Century-Fox Picture

NO BETS ARE OVERLOOKED when it comes to taking care of Shirley. Her diet consists of simple, easily digested foods. Quaker Puffed Wheat is a perfect example. It's made of whole wheat with all the food energy that whole wheat is famous for.

JUST A WORKING GIRL! Here's Shirley on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. When she is "working"—if you could call the fun she has, that!—recesses are long and frequent—and one of them at least includes a big bowl of Quaker Puffed Wheat and cream!

SCENE: Shirley Temple's home. Time: eight o'clock, most any morning. For this is the way every day starts for Shirley . . . with a heaping big bowlful of crisp, crunchy Quaker Puffed Wheat.

SHIRLEY LOVES to play like any little girl. Bicycling, croquet, tennis, horseback riding, dolls . . . Shirley's appetite for fun (and Quaker Puffed Wheat) is just about bottomless.

MEET SPUNKY! Shirley's new pony. She has loads of fun riding him. What a healthy outdoor appetite it gives her. (When lunch-time comes, she'll ask for an extra big bowl of her favorite cereal. How Shirley loves the crisp toasty grains).

3 WRAPPINGS GUARD ITS CRISPNESS

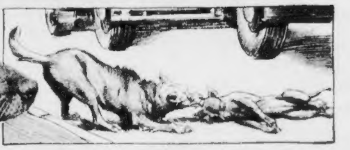
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

Three Dog Heroes and What They Did

"Spot," the Collie Pup, Saves His Little Mistress From an Icy Death; "Nigger," the Firemen's Mascot, Rescues a Cat and Gets a Medal; "Murdie," the Alsatian, Braves Broadway's Traffic Stream to Drag His Wounded Pal to Safety---Latest Conspicuous Examples of Dogs' Devotion and Courage

"Spot," the Nine-Months-Old Puppy, Who Saved the Life of His Little Five-Year-Old Mistress, Lorna Burnett, Who Is Gratefully Hugging Him. The Drawing Shows How the Puppy Caught Her Clothes and Drew Her From the Shovel on Which She Was Sliding, Just as She Was About to Plunge Over the Brink Into the Half-Frozen Creek.

"Nigger," the Fire Company's Mascot, and How He Drew the Black Cat Out of the Burning House After the Cat's Master Had Died in Trying to Save Him.



"Murdie," the Heroic Alsatian Shepherd, Who Dragged His Pal From Under the Wheels of Broadway Traffic.

WHEN a man saves a human life he is usually rewarded with a medal and sometimes a contract to appear on the stage or in the movies. When a dog saves the life of a human being often the only reward he gets is a pat on the head or an extra large bone for supper. Recognition has been given three dog heroes who have displayed feats of intelligence, loyalty and daring which rival some of the more displayed acts of their masters.

One of the most notable examples of courage on the part of a dog occurred a few days ago in Mitchellville, Iowa. If heroes deserve medals in dogdom, Spot, a nine-months-old collie puppy, should certainly have a gold one.

Last Summer Spot was brought home by Gaylord Burnett as a pet for his five-year-old daughter Lorna. Lorna fed the pup, played with it and watched it grow. In return Spot adopted his five-year-old mistress and followed at her heels wherever she went. A few days ago when the hills around the town were covered with snow, Lorna's playmates got out their sleds for a big neighborhood coasting party. But Lorna had no sled; her parents said she was too young. From her front porch the little girl watched the laughing parties pass her house. Even Spot looked wistfully at the merrymakers on their way to the coasting hills.

While her father was busy shoveling the snow from a path in the back of the house, Lorna took one of his big snow shovels and with Spot following her, started out to join the other children. When she reached the party the older ones warned her that the top surface of the snow had frozen into a dangerous icy pack and that she had better go home. But Lorna decided to have just one spin before she went back. She seated herself on the shovel, holding the handle in her hands and started down the hill, Spot leaping after her barking gleefully. But the ice was so slippery that Lorna found it impossible to steer the shovel. It went faster and faster. Lorna began to scream and the other children, climbing back up the hill, realized that Lorna was headed directly for the bank of a creek at the foot of the hill.

There was a six-foot drop from the bank to the water's half-frozen surface. Lorna had reached the very brink of the creek bank when Spot, half-leaping, half-sliding, sank his teeth into her clothing and held on stubbornly. As the claws of his hind legs scratched deeply into the crusted surface, his front paws braced themselves, and with short, quick tugs he pulled the girl off the shovel, which crashed down into the ice-covered creek below. Lorna dug her heels into the icy snow, and with Spot still tugging with all his strength, she managed to get back on safe ground again.

Meanwhile the other children had left their sleds in pursuit of the helpless child. They soothed the sobbing, terrified girl, who now sat with her arms clasped tightly around Spot's furry collar. The dog panted from his exertion, but his tail wagged unceasingly as the other children came to hug him for his heroic act.

"I coasted fast," Lorna cried as the other children gathered about her. "I coasted awful fast until Spot caught me. Now I'm going right home."

Spot followed her, but not on foot. The other children carried him in their arms. And from that day on he has been the hero of Mitchellville. But in his own world Spot probably desires no other reward than that of feeling the loving arms of his mistress twined gratefully about his furry neck.

If Spot ever achieves an honored niche in dogdom's hall of fame, certainly another niche would go to Nigger, a small black mongrel, who is the mascot of Fire Engine Company 203 of Brooklyn, New York, and who rides to all the fires on one of the engines.

One night, a few weeks ago, a raging fire swept through the home of Mrs. Maria Bermudez on Hicks Street. The family rushed out just in time to save themselves from the flames. John, Mrs. Bermudez's sixteen-year-old son, remembered that his pet cat, Carlotta, was still in the burning house. Without thinking he dashed into the smoke-filled doorway, groped through the smoke and disappeared into the flames.

Nigger jumped off one of the engines and plunged into the building after the youth. A few minutes later Nigger emerged from the building a little singed but otherwise none the worse for his daring exploit. The large crowd gathered on the street at first gasped and then applauded when they saw Nigger dragging out, by means of his teeth, a cat almost as big as Nigger himself. It was Carlotta.

The dog laid the cat on the pavement and jumped back on the fire engine. Meanwhile the firemen went in after Johnnie, but they found him too late. Overcome by the smoke and the heat the youth, after making a hurried search for his beloved cat, tried to find his way out, but the dense fumes blinded him. He dropped unconscious on the burning floor. He was dead when the firemen found him.

A few weeks later the New York Women's League for Animals presented a medal to Johnnie's mother for his heroic attempt to save a cat from burning to death. Nigger, too, was honored with a bronze medal for finally saving the same cat. In addition a gold medal was given posthumously to Johnnie by the American Humane Association and Nigger received a certificate from the National Kennel Club of Washington, D. C. Not long after a New York newspaper gave a benefit theatre performance, the proceeds of which were used to buy an animal ambulance for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The remainder of the fund was given to the Bermudez family. The ambulance has a bronze plate commemorating Johnnie's heroic act and will be used in Brooklyn, where the boy lived.

A few weeks after the Bermudez fire a stray puppy was run over by a car on Broadway, New York City. Murdie, a German police dog, who had been playing with the puppy, heard the cries of the injured dog. Although the victim was lying in the middle of the street, Murdie ran to him and, disregarding all traffic, took a good grip on the puppy's coat and pulled him to the sidewalk, laid him gently on the ground and started licking the wounds. A bystander, who witnessed the accident, telephoned to the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals and was advised to hire a taxicab and take the wounded dog to the hospital. When the puppy was being placed in the cab, Murdie jumped in before anyone had a chance to close the door on him.

Arriving at the hospital Murdie faithfully followed the patient. He carefully watched every move made by the hospital attendants and, although the dog died two hours later, Murdie watched over him throughout the night until convinced that nothing more could be done. Murdie was treated with such exceptional kindness at the hospital that he would not leave it when his owner called for him. Today Murdie is the pet dog of the hospital and acts as a sort of canine receptionist for all the visiting dogs.

One of the most famous dog heroes was Bum, who died long ago of old age at the same New York hospital. Several years ago Bum, a homeless mongrel, wandered into the Mercer Street Police Station in New York. It was love at first sight between the dog and the men on the force. He became so attached to the policemen that he would follow them on their beats day and night. But he never discriminated amongst them; in fact, he liked every man who wore a policeman's uniform. They in turn nominated him a volunteer member of the force.

As a member of the New York police force Bum had a great record. He saved a man from freezing and prevented two officers from being killed by a thug's gun. One cold Winter night Bum was making the rounds with an officer. He ran ahead of the policeman, but was stopped by a large pile of snow which had drifted across the sidewalk. He sniffed around the pile and started to bark. The officer approached and tried to coax the dog away. The dog would not move from the pile. The officer investigated and found a man buried under the snow. The man was saved from certain death and Bum received a bronze medal for his heroism. But Bum did not stop his life-saving.

On another cold night, making the usual rounds, another officer noticed in the darkness a running man and another one following him crying for help. The officer drew a gun and went after the man. He ordered the man to halt. The man did not stop even after the policeman had fired a shot in the air. Instead the man pulled a revolver and aimed at the officer. But he didn't figure on Bum. Bum was faster than he. As he was going to fire Bum grabbed his sleeve and the shot went wild. This gave the cop a chance to shoot the crook in the shoulder and arrest him. The money which the man had stolen from the man crying for help was found on him, and he was sent for a long stretch up the river. Thus Bum had not only helped to recover stolen money and sent a gunman to prison, but most important of all had saved the life of a policeman. Under similar circumstances and by exactly the same method of grabbing an assailant's sleeve, Bum saved the life of another policeman.

When Bum died he was given a policeman's funeral with departmental honors and was buried in a special grave on Long Island.

In the files of the Speyer Hospital there are many other records of a dog's heroism, one of the most notable of which was that known as the case of Wu Ting Fang, a chow dog. Some years ago Wu Ting Fang was picked up on the street as a wanderer by Mrs. George Bethune Adams, the eighty-eight-year-old resident-director of the Speyer Hospital. Mrs. Adams liked the chow so well that she took him to live with her as her own pet. One night while she was sleeping a fire broke out in her home. The dog smelled the smoke and started to lick Mrs. Adams' face and neck until she woke up. She just had time to run out of her apartment, her faithful dog clasped in her arms, before the walls burst into flames.

The Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, includes dogs to be honored equally with leaders in science, art, literature and sport. The committee decided that since the dogs were citizens of Canada and possessed most of the human virtues without many of the human vices, they were eligible to be included in a hall of fame which recognized conspicuous character and intelligence. Out of some thirty entries, Rex, a big German shepherd dog owned by A. A. Beard of Queen Street, Toronto, was awarded a silver collar upon which was engraved "THIS DOG IS A HERO. HE SAVED A HUMAN LIFE."

One day Mr. Beard and Rex were out strolling along the lake shore at Toronto. A big wind was blowing and Lake Ontario was in an ugly mood. White-capped breakers were pounding on the shore and creating a backwash which swept everything before them. Suddenly a cry for help was heard. Mr. Beard, who doesn't swim, saw a boy struggling in the water some 300 yards from the shore.

"Go get him, Rex!" he ordered.

Rex leaped into the waves. Time and again the breakers threw him back to the shore, but he persevered and finally reached the side of the swimmer. The big dog seemed to hesitate and consider the situation. The boy struggled and churned desperately, trying to get a grip on Rex. The shepherd kept just beyond reach, then, apparently making up his mind what should be done, he dived, came up behind the lad, and catching his bathing suit at the neck, started for shore, holding his burden's head as high above the waves as he could.

It was a terrific struggle against the combers, but Rex never let go. When he finally reached shore he was exhausted, and the boy, fifteen-year-old Albert Oxland, of Toronto, was unconscious.

The committee, in giving the award to Rex, took into consideration not alone the courage he had shown, but the intelligence he had used in effecting the rescue. Had the dog blundered headlong within reach of young Oxland's arms, the swimmer would have gripped him with the strength of the drowning and probably dragged them both to death. That Rex had realized this seemed plain by his hesitation and his dive behind the boy.

To the committee, Rex's actions seemed to come from conscious reasoning.

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You'll see the difference!

The Armstrong Quaker Girl

WHEN you're buying beauty, trust your eyes! They'll convince you how much Armstrong's Quaker Rugs differ in beauty from other smooth-surface rugs. These rich, deep, fine colorings are created by exclusive Armstrong methods and offered only in Quaker Rugs.

And Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are built to *keep* this beauty. They are made from good thick felt, printed in rich oil colors, surface-sealed against spotting and staining. The only care they ask is an easy daily dusting and an occasional brightening-up with Armstrong's Linogloss Wax (needs no polishing).

Many women buy two Armstrong's Quaker Rugs with the money they expected to spend for one. Your own merchant will give you exact prices. Just remember—only Quaker Rugs can give you Quaker Beauty. Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3703 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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EXCLUSIVE—Mellow Tone Marble, No. 4606— Note how the rich shading and mellow tones of this rug give it a remarkable likeness to real marble. This effect is due to Armstrong's exclusive method of printing, which permits the soft blending of colors in an infinite number of hues and shades. Only Armstrong's Quaker Rugs can offer this beauty! Below, left to right: Nos. 4834, 4615, 4626, 4616.

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ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

ARMSTRONG CORK

MADE BY THE
MAKERS OF
ARMSTRONG'S
LINOLEUM

If He's May Yohe's Son—Then Who Was His Father?

Puzzling Aftermath of Her Lawless Romance With Captain Bradlee Strong Which Cost Her Reputation, Title and Riches and Adds Still Another Chapter to the History of the Luckless Blue Hope Diamond

Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong, Who Denies That He Is the Father of Mr. Robert E. Thomas, Who Is Claiming [illegible] of His [illegible] to Be the Son of May Yohe and the Captain.

May Yohe When, After Years of Storm Following Her Elopement With Captain Bradlee Strong, She Thought She Had at Last Found Peace as the Wife of Captain Philip Smuts, an Honored Soldier of the Boer War—But Hasn't

May Yohe When She Was the Wife of Lord Hope and Apparently With Everything [illegible] Woman Could Wish For. Yet How It All [illegible]

May When She Was [illegible] the English Stage from Which [illegible] Took Her and With Her [illegible]

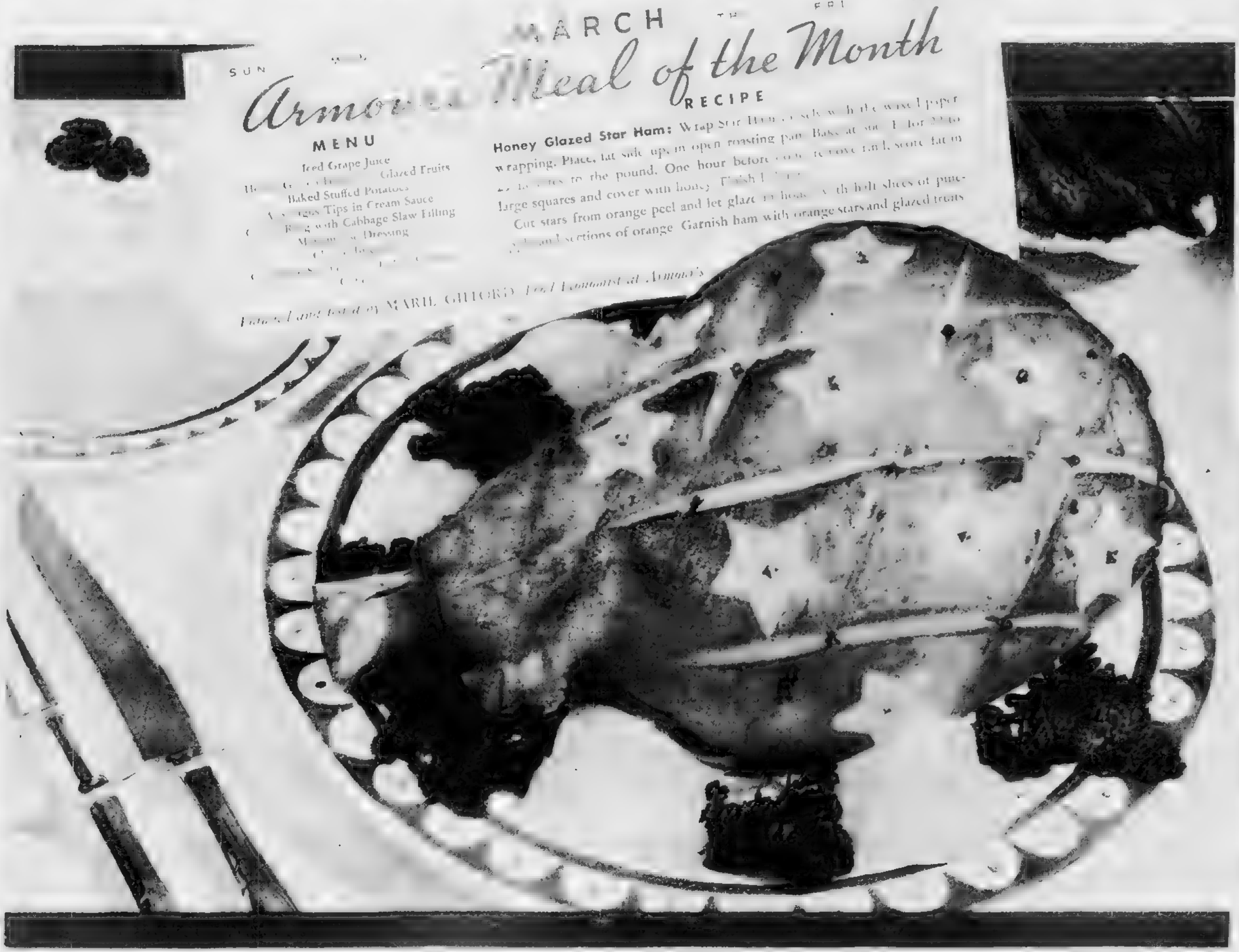
May Yohe and Captain [illegible] Their Elopement and Marriage

W[illegible]

Easter Dinner with a touch of Spring

HONEY GLAZED STAR HAM

WITH GLAZED FRUIT AND SPRING VEGETABLES



MARCH

Armour's Meal of the Month

MENU

Iced Grape Juice

Honey Glazed Star Ham [illegible] Glazed Fruits

Baked Stuffed Potatoes

Asparagus Tips in Cream Sauce

[illegible] Ring with Cabbage Slaw Filling

Mayonnaise Dressing

[illegible]

RECIPE

Honey Glazed Star Ham: Wrap Star Ham [illegible] wrapping. Place, fat side up, in open roasting pan. Bake at [illegible] for [illegible] minutes to the pound. One hour before [illegible] remove rind, score fat in large squares and cover with honey. Finish [illegible] with [illegible] slices of pineapple. Cut stars from orange peel and let glaze [illegible]. Garnish ham with orange stars and glazed fruits [illegible] and sections of orange.

Planned and tested by MARIE GIFFORD, *Food Economist at Armour's*

On Display at Your Neighborhood Dealer's . . . Ask for Complete Recipe Folder

★ [illegible]

On display at your dealer's

Mild and sweet ... without parboiling

[illegible]

Armour's 70th ANNIVERSARY

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Like Rider Haggard's Immortal "She"

A University of Pennsylvania Scientist Discovers in Africa a Veiled Priestess With Power of Life and Death Over a Whole Nation, and Resembling the Novelist's Fantastic Heroine in Every Way Except Her Color and Eternal Life

[illegible] the Cumaean Cave: Another Priestess Who Was Somewhat Like "She," and Who Was Consulted Before the Romans Went to War and on All Matters of State Craft.

Even the Ancient Aztecs Had Their Sorceress Priestesses Which They Called the [illegible], and This Drawing From One of Their Books Shows One About to Sacrifice a Child to the Mother Priestess.

Rider Haggard's "She Who Must Be Obeyed" Bathed in the Eternal Fire Which Upon Her First Entrance Into It Gave Her Eternal Life, but Upon Her Second Changed Her Into a Shriveled Mummy. From an Illustration in One of the First Editions of Rider Haggard's Fantastic Classic.

Women of the Bondo Bush in Africa With Their Masked Priestesses, All Ready to Start [illegible] Their Mysterious Ceremonies Which Meant Death to Any [illegible] Who [illegible] Them. Photo Copyright by Ida Vera Simonton.

Not All Sorceress Priestesses Are [illegible] Veiled. Some Paint Their Faces White as This Bondo Witch Has Done.

A [illegible]

[illegible]

1937
Del Monte
VARIETY SHOW
DEL MONTE DRIED FRUIT QUARTET
DEL MONTE THE GREAT COFFEE
THE [illegible] DEL MONTE [illegible]
THE 3 [illegible] DEL MONTE [illegible]
STARRING ALL YOUR FAVORITES

AT [illegible] MARCH [illegible] TO APRIL [illegible]

[illegible] The Del Monte Variety Show [illegible] than ever! Especially [illegible] help you select and save!

[illegible]

[illegible] Del Monte "cast" [illegible] new menu talent too.

Del Monte
CANNED
FOODS

Here's an appetizing [illegible] "act!"

Look for this great [illegible] "show" now—at grocers near you.

See the galaxy of Del Monte attractions on display—then "book" them for your own table! And watch these Del Monte star-performers chase dollars from your menus—all this spring.

The Old Island Code

by Frank Leon Smith

**An Amusing Story of Romance in a Summer Hotel.
Complete in This Issue.**

Carleen Dropped Back for a Punt and Delivered [illegible] Feet to the Seat of the Watch Island Fellow's Trousers

A [illegible]

Carleen Lifted the Frosted Glass, and as the Light Went On Our Hero Popped Up in the Opening Like a Demon From the Depths.

Millionaires Join The "Tin Can Tou

[illegible] Massine [illegible] One of the Leading Dancers [illegible] Opera House [illegible] New York [illegible] Goes on Tour About the Country After the Opera Season [illegible] Travel in a Private Car Massine Prefers to Use His Trailer [illegible] Entertaining a Group of His Russian Dancers [illegible] Photo by George Sanderson

Luxurious Trailer Owned by C. A. Mann, Chicago Capitalist, Who Fi

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T[illegible]

[illegible] W. R. Wilday [illegible] Henry L. Doherty [illegible] C. A. Mann, Chicago capitalist, Phil Plant [illegible] money enough to travel in the way they find most comfortable.

Many of these [illegible] in trains [illegible] and disagreeable traveling in hot weather. A private railroad car [illegible] the owner [illegible] And [illegible] himself at [illegible] But [illegible] comes [illegible] the [illegible] built.

But [illegible] At first [illegible] attention to them. But recently [illegible] begun to consider [illegible] They feel that [illegible] taurants [illegible] anybody [illegible] a [illegible] grocery store and [illegible] their own [illegible] And [illegible] trailers [illegible] they are [illegible].

The [illegible] who make trailers know that all sorts of laws are likely to be passed before long in towns and cities and in the various State Legislatures. Even now it is related that an auto-trailer party recently was stopped twenty-[illegible] times on a trip from Detroit, Mich., to Tampa, Florida, for violations of small local ordinances. The manufacturers want to straighten out things for their customers and twelve regulations have been proposed by the [illegible] Trailer Manufacturers Association, for regulation of auto trailers in the interest of safety, [illegible] and other important things which are given later on in this article.

The trailer is really a land yacht. The space is very limited in both yacht and trailer and this has stirred the ingenuity of designers. The comforts, devices and equipment of some of the newest "travel coaches" (as the manufacturers would like to have them called) are surprising. Of course the big luxury trailers of the wealthy have the most elaborate and complete comforts, but the inexpensive little home cottages-on-wheels are pretty nice.

The trailer boom has come with almost explosive suddenness. As Mr. W. R. Wilday, secretary-manager of the association says:

"The thing sneaked up and overwhelmed us. Eighteen months ago we didn't know we had a business and now everybody is snowed under with orders."

This snowed them under with problems too, but the trailer is a child of fortune because most of the hardest mechanical ones have already been pioneered for it. The automobile was born into a hard world of wretched roads with almost no patterns to guide its inventors except the horse-buggy and the bicycle. The trailer's mechanical worries are chiefly compactness and lightness, matters

[illegible] pocket sized [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] year-round residence [illegible] have a [illegible] plant [illegible] the [illegible] gas [illegible] Parked in the wilderness [illegible] The gas heater will work [illegible] Plant's trailer, built for [illegible] carried enough gas [illegible] twelve weeks. The electric type [illegible] batteries charged while the [illegible] running [illegible] the [illegible] equipped with [illegible] generator.

The same [illegible] hot water not only for cooking and washing dishes but for bathing [illegible] some of the more impressive [illegible] apparently [illegible] the advertisements [illegible] lady bathing [illegible].

Wash bowls and toilets [illegible] Several [illegible] typhoid and dysentery have been [illegible] to trailer [illegible] streams that feed [illegible] water supplies.

Builders of the most [illegible] houses advertise among their features a kitchen ventilating fan and so do trailer manufacturers. Naturally such common conveniences as screens are a matter of course and windows that open wide on hot nights but many of these perambulating homes unfurl wide awnings for the daytime. At trailer camps, there is always water in abundance and in the wilds, they try to select a site that has at least a good spring. However, if night overtakes them in the barren desert it does not matter because some carry a couple of hundred gallons of water.

Designers of Pullman sleepers and of yachts long ago perfected the magic of producing beds out of almost nothing, like rabbits, pulled out of a hat, and so it is perhaps no surprise to see beds fifty-two inches wide, listed among the attractions.

Apartment houses have contributed considerably toward compactness and dwellers in small ones are among the most enthusiastic trailers. The grandest kind of apartment is the duplex in which

Photograph of One End of a Dentist's Trailer Showing the Chair for the Patient, the Dental "Engine" and Office Outfit.

one can go upstairs to bed [illegible] as in an ordinary house. To please duplex-minded customers, duplex, two-storied trailers have been designed.

One upstairs and downstairs cottage on wheels has been designed by Mr. Corwin Willson, a trailer expert, and the picture on this page of his duplex trailer model is from an illustration printed in Trailer Travel. The plans [illegible] for sleeping quarters on the second floor, "three wholly separate retiring rooms with more individual privacy than you enjoy in your [illegible] city apartment. Thus [illegible] family of several children [illegible] in decency [illegible] fort." Of course [illegible] putting the bedrooms [illegible] frees the lower floor for better cooking, dining, living [illegible] and other conveniences. No two-story trailer has [illegible] built and many problems have got to be worked out—it must not be too high to go under bridges or limbs of trees along the road and it must not be top-heavy and likely to tip over.

But while there is not yet a duplex trailer on the road, a "Flatavan" (super caravan) trailer has been made for His Highness the Maharajah Scindia, of Gwalior. It is roomy enough for this Indian potentate to carry around with him about [illegible] selected favorites from his harem. A photograph of it is printed on this page.

There are several hundred trailer manufacturers. Many of these manufacturers put out several models with varying equipment and the prices run from about $400 for the modest cottage-on-wheels to $2,500 for the larger trailer homes with as many accessories and conveniences as the purchaser will pay for. And, of course, specially designed and equipped trailers can cost almost any amount.

To give the riding stability of a low center of gravity the trailers have low clearance but plenty for the ordinary paved highway. Recognizing the possibility that they may have to be towed along heavily-rutted roads or even open fields, some varieties have an adjustable clearance. The land yachtsman at such times, grinds a crank which elevates his trailer body a foot or so higher as the water yachtsman grinds up his centerboard when passing through shallow water.

"Get a horse!" was the old gibe at the first automobiles. It would not apply to some of the trailers which are traveling stables. Others have a dog kennel in the rear, accommodating half a dozen dogs, but these two come under the head of special equipment, of which there is almost no limit.

Though not the most expensive, perhaps the most special of the specials, is young Phil Plant's trailer with the twelve-week gas ice-box, because it is a sort of house-boat on wheels. Trailer manufacturers boast that their product can follow wherever a car can lead it, but this one does even better. Across the route in Kenya and Tanganyika, Africa, to be followed by the Plant exploring expedition which is supervised by the American

The "Flatavan" (Super Caravan) Chassis and Tr
the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, Providin
Harem When

Diagrammatic Model of Philip P
Which He Is Using On His A

Mu[illegible] to ford. [illegible] trailer [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] bank by means of sweeps or poles [illegible] trees. There it is moored to [illegible] and lighter [illegible] across on [illegible].

[illegible] of the trailer is [illegible] lightest possible [illegible] One [illegible] craft [illegible] three compartments by two [illegible] tight bulkheads with swinging [illegible]. This strange craft is nineteen feet long [illegible] has an all-wave radio [illegible] generating unit [illegible] and [illegible] awning ten feet wide running its entire length. The chief beneficiaries of this [illegible] are not so much Mr. and Mrs. Plant and the other human members of the expedition as the wart hogs, ostriches and other animals and plants they intend to bring back.

There seems to be no limit to the things a trailer can be adapted to.

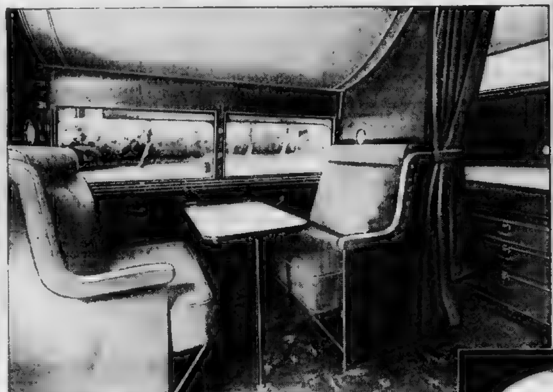
A piano manufacturer has fitted up what he calls a "trailer studio," and he gives concerts along the road. This trailer, which is about as big as a bus, has large windows and is equipped as a display room with five pianos, including both grand and upright types. It also has seats, a carpeted floor, Venetian blinds, lights and a heating unit.

Leonide Massine, one of the leading dancers and choreographers of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and the creator of many ballets and divertissements, turns gipsy the moment the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo finishes with New York and begins its tour. Massine detests trains,

rists"

The Astonishing Spread of the Automobile Trailer, the Curious Uses They Are Put To, and the Unforeseen Problems These Little Mansions on Wheels Have Raised

More Comfort in This Car Than in Railroad Trains and Hotels.

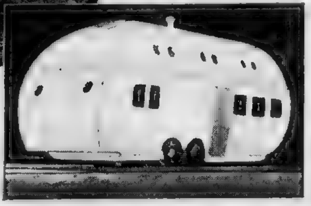


ograph Old- Which pping s and ooking Table Bath- cket es for thes

art of f the ern of Mr. Section uest With ll Out Bed. l Pull Be Let Above er Bed.

A View in a Southern Trailer Camp. Scattered Here and There Among the Cocoanut Palms Are Dozens of Other Trailers Which Are Connected Up With the Water Supply and Electric Service of the Camp.

r Combination, Built for His Royal Highness, ommodations for Selected Favorites of His urs in India.



Mr. Corwin Willson's Model for a Two-Storied Trailer Which Includes 3 Rooms, Bath, Laundry, Porch, Rear End and Side Entrance. From Photograph in Trailer Travel Magazine.

s Specially Designed Trailer, r Exploring Expedition.

prefers trailers. He puts his trailer [illegible] big black [illegible] and [illegible] travels in it unless the camp happens to be [illegible] too high a mountain. Then he sends his chauffeur ahead and uses a drawing room on the ballet's special train. It is a rather luxurious trailer and besides the chauffeur, it is occupied by Mas- nes wife, Eugenie Delarova, a cook and a Kerry terrier. It is big enough to give parties in, and parties are given on occasion.

One of the greatest needs in the sparsely-ttled areas of the United States and even more in Canada is a first-class dentist. Touring ntists [illegible] through these districts once or ice a year performing valuable services with ited equipment. Now comes the trailer dentist's ffice which parks at the cross roads, ready to do ings right.

One of the first of these has been built to the rder of Dr. Freeman L. Blunt of Albert Lea, Minsota. It has a waiting room, a laboratory uipped with everything needed for making artifial teeth, casting alloys and of course an X-ray achine. The operating room has hot and cold nning water and the whole thing is air-condiioned and soundproofed so the patients in the aiting room won't hear alarming sounds. The mberjack in his mountain camp will have all the g-town scientific dental instruments brought to s door.

The next thing for which there are already quiries is the touring surgeon's traveling opating room, hospital and ambulance. The hostal, surgeon, nurse and all, can drive up to the or of the farm where the patient lies, operate on m, carry him into his own bed and roll on to the xt patient. Later when the surgeon comes back see how his patient is getting along, he brings s whole hospital back with him. Should these ambulating hospitals become so common that st country doctors have them, they will arrive large numbers at the scene of every large scale disaster such as an earthquake or a railroad wreck ready to perform minor operations instead of giving first aid and rushing the victims to permanent hospitals in distant cities.

School trustees of Lincoln County, Montana, have seized on the trailer as a possible answer to their problem of getting children to school who cannot travel the snowbound roads to the regular school houses. One on wheels has been built and left on a ranch fifty miles from Libby, Mont., where it promptly became snowed in for the Winter. It is a small inexpensive rolling school house but in it are being taught five pupils who would otherwise get no education at all. If it proves successful others will be ordered.

The old-time circuit-riding minister who rode through his territory on horseback could carry a Bible, hymnal, prayer book and change of underwear but that was about all. He had to make the best of what he found in the way of a meeting house which was usually cold, badly-lighted and without more than one or two hymnals or anything in the way of a musical instrument except perhaps a bass viol.

Now comes the chapel-in-a-trailer, a streamlined wandering church, which is to tour the remote parishes next Summer, according to the enthusiastic plans of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago. The society's secretary, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Eugene McGinnis said:

"We are shopping around among the manufacturers for estimates on a trailer that must not cost more than $5,000. The priest will be his own driver and probably his own cook. If he could afford to have a chauffeur, he could afford to have a church. This modern circuit rider to the rural areas where there are no churches is a logical development in keeping with the times. First we had chapels in railroad cars, then we used automobiles like buses and now the trailer chapel. The trailer will have living quarters for the priest, an altar, a tent-like shelter for the congregation and folding chairs."

Every form of commercialized sin and vice has long made it a habit to follow circuses, fairs and other large temporary gatherings. Now their ancient enemy, the church, can get there as soon as anybody.

Uncle Sam thoughtfully considering the possibilities of the new idea, finds that the English post-office department has beaten him to it. In England they are working on a trailer post-office to accommodate the public at race meets, cattle and flower shows, athletic contests and other temporary open-air gatherings.

It will be equipped with telegraph instruments, ledges for writing messages and service windows for handing them in, two automatic stamp machines and a posting box for letters and small packages. An awning will protect the customers from the rain and duck boards will be laid all around to keep their feet out of the mud. Inside will be the full outfit of a small post-office.

All sorts of things are beginning to happen in these cottages-on-wheels. A baby was born in one the other day, and a man was murdered in one recently. It was in Kansas City that Clarence B. Todd was shot early one morning in his trailer house which was parked in a vacant lot. He had just gotten out of bed and started the fire for breakfast when a voice outside said:

"T [illegible]"

A moment later a shot came through the rear of the trailer and Todd stumbled across the floor and fell into the clothes compartment in the rear.

The trailer would not be much of an invention if it could not be perverted to criminal uses. James (Black Pete) Worthington, safe-blower and all-around burglar, was inconvenienced by the necessity of breaking up his home and moving every time he "cracked a crib." Being a family man with a wife and seventeen-year-old daughter, Grace, made this particularly bothersome and the ladies, no doubt, sometimes wished that Mr. Worthington had chosen some other line of endeavor.

The trailer home was the perfect answer to Pete's worries. He invested in one that had plenty of extra locker space and for some time everything was so lovely that he could honestly have written a glowing testimonial that no burglar should be without one of these get-away homes. Then he came to Detroit, home of the automotive industry, where the police spoiled everything. Pete parked the trailer at West Warren Street and Outer Drive. It contained a large collection of burglar's tools and enough nitroglycerine to blow up a city block. Picking out such implements as he needed for the job he was about to undertake, Pete dumped them into his car which he unhitched from the trailer. He also needed some of the nitroglycerine and for some reason carried with him a much larger quantity than he could possibly need. Leaving his wife to cook dinner he had Grace drive him to the Green Lawn Cemetery, where he broke into the office, cracked the safe and took $217.

They got away unseen but Pete, after enjoying his dinner, remembered that he had left that big container full of "soup" behind a grave stone. As this explosive has to be stolen or paid for at a high price from night watchmen on construction jobs, it is precious and the thrifty burglar decided to go back and recover the valuable stuff. This was a mistake because by that time the police had arrived. They pursued him at eighty miles an hour, shot holes in his tires, caught him and broke up that happy home on wheels permanently.

Trailers produce other surprises. Wallace Ford, film actor, who had been seeking his mother for twenty-one years, found her living in an automobile trailer beside the river at Northwich, Cheshire, England. She was known locally as "Mam Kit," and is married to a match seller known as "Blind Dan." Ford had become separated from his mother in early childhood and had asked the police of England and the United States to try and trace her and, at last, he found her living in a trailer.

A trailer is about as small a home as there is and no roof is supposed to be big enough to shelter one man and his two wives. Yet the police of Northampton, Mass., on arresting Frank Gordert, of Columbus, Ohio, found that he was living in a trailer with two common-law wives, together with three children of this harem on wheels.

Young Philip A. Benson, Jr., and his brother, Bill, of Sea Cliff, Long Island, think nothing of pulling their snipe-class sail boat out of the water, putting it on a trailer and taking it as far as Dallas, Texas, or Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where last Summer it won the world's championship against other snipes which arrived mostly by trailer.

The counterpart of the old-time showboat which [illegible] Mississippi, putting on [illegible] towns, has probably already begun to [illegible] the road. Barnstorming [illegible] costumes and "props" as well as their hotels in the form of [illegible] [illegible] than $15,000 [illegible] A. Munn [illegible]

The extreme [illegible] of this particular road yacht is twenty-five feet from the hitch to the spare tire on the rear. When this yacht comes to anchor" a flight of folding steps tumbles out of the right side just in front of the wheel and under what is the front door. Stepping into that door, the visitor finds himself in a tiny vestibule or reception room and perhaps wonders why in so small an abode space is wasted in a vestibule. But it is not wasted. When the front door and the opposite door are closed the reception room becomes a shower bath room, with a removable wood-slat floor.

To the rear of the shower are the kitchen and quarters for the cook and [illegible] including two berths, fuel and water tanks, [illegible] kitchen stove, sink with hot and cold water, [illegible] wash bowl and toilet and an amazing amount of space for storage of supplies and [illegible]. Forward of the shower is the living room which, like the cabin of a small yacht, takes in everything to the "bow" except where one closet juts in holding another toilet and wash bowl. In the extreme front is a couch twelve feet long and capable of being made into two beds each thirty-five inches wide. Besides these there are two Pullman type lower berths and one upper. There are three intercommunicating telephone instruments so owner or guests can talk with the cook above the noise of travel, without going to the kitchen, which is called the galley as on the sea. On the right side and near the front is another door, a private entrance, in case somebody is taking a bath behind the other one.

Old Father Neptune does not seem to approve of this land-going yacht and did his best to wreck it. Mr. Munn took the trailer to Europe and lived in it while attending the Olympic Games. On the way back it was lashed on one of the steamer's upper decks where it received an unmerciful wave pounding from one of the worst storms in many years. This ripped off several feet of bumper moulding, cracked some of the shatter-proof windows but left it otherwise as "seaworthy" as ever.

Joseph A. Widener, in a somewhat similar trailer, had a collision at sixty-five miles an hour causing the craft to turn over twice but neither wrecking it nor injuring the occupants. This type of de luxe trailer costs from $8,000 up.

Here and there around the country more attention is being paid to camps for trailers. A large, conveniently equipped, trailer camp is being planned for New York City. A special trailer camp will be laid out to accommodate visitors to the 1939 world's fair. But this encouragement to visitors who bring their homes-on-wheels along with them and do their own cooking and washing won't bring much money to New York's hotelkeepers, restaurant men and laundries.

In some localities trailer camps are not encouraged, in others trailer tourists are welcomed. In Scottsbluff, Neb., a city ordinance bans trailers but the editor of the local newspaper thinks this is a poor policy. In a recent editorial the broad-minded editor wrote:

"I have 150 acres of land west of Terrytown. Bring your trailer house down here. You are welcome. You may put it on my land with no obligation whatever, no rent and no one to bother you."

(Continued on Page 22)

NATION DISCOVERS HOW TO BUY USED CARS!

NEW YORK—"The car I'm driving now was a used car from Mab Motors," says John V. Burke. "I went to a Dodge dealer because of their fine reputation for handling only dependable merchandise. I found just the kind of a car I wanted and paid even less than I thought I'd have to. Although I've driven my car 24 thousand miles it is still in tip-top shape, both in appearance and mechanically. If anyone asks me where to get a good used car at the right price, I say the nearest Dodge dealer."

CHICAGO—"My advice to anyone who wants a good used car is to look for the Dodge dealer's Blue Seal," says Edward J. O'Hara. "I bought a Blue Seal car from Fred W. Rembold and I'm telling you it's a honey! Why, I've driven it more than 14,000 miles without a nickel's worth of trouble!"

BROOKLYN—"I admit I don't know much about automobiles," says Mildred D. Lane, "and when I wanted to get a used car I frankly didn't know where to look. When a neighbor told me that she had had wonderful service from the car she got from Bishop, McCormick & Bishop, the Dodge dealer here, I decided to see them. The car I got runs like a new one!"

HOLLYWOOD—"What a 'buy' I got in my used car!" exclaims Dudley F. Fearing. "I've [illegible] miles on it and it [illegible] as the day I drove [illegible] Fenton Motor Company's [illegible] There's no place like a Dodge dealer to get a really dependable used car."

LOOK IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THIS PAPER FOR TODAY'S MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS AT YOUR DODGE DEALER'S!

Look For This Blue Seal of Dependability When You Buy!

USED CARS DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

TOM GRAYNE [illegible] Naosuki [illegible] Wong [illegible] Keeper of the Gate [illegible] Naosuki [illegible]

CHAPTER XXV.

Naosuki

HIS mouth set in a grim line Tom crumpled the paper in his fist and followed the Japs. There were two stands of piled rifles with fixed bayonets near a door at the end of the long passage. Opposite the door was another open through which came cigarette smoke and the talk and laughter of the guard.

One sentry [illegible] rifles. He knocked [illegible] door. A [illegible]. He opened the door. The escort stood aside for Tom. Two of them, the commander and the man who knew English, followed him into the room, where they stood at attention right and left of the door.

Stone walls. Pictures of Heaven and Hell. Against the wall a large radio receiving set not yet quite fully assembled with all its parts exposed to view. One window, glazed with oiled paper. A charcoal brazier. A tea urn. [illegible] Some Chinese cigarettes.

A rather small man seated at the table facing the door, in a heavy wooden chair heaped with cushions. A pistol lying on the table within reach of his right hand. In front of him, near the ink-pot, a big bronze dorje, emblem of authority. Beside him at his right a kneeling monk was rummaging in Elsa's bag and laying her belongings one-by-one on the table. Tom's bag was also on the floor as yet unopened.

A high carved screen behind the man in the chair suggested that there might be a door leading into another room.

Tom walked straight up to the table, and spoke first, standing with his back to the window within reach of the kneeling monk.

"I am Tom Grayne. Do you call yourself Chou Wang or Naosuki?"

The man at the table touched the pistol. After one sharp glance at Tom he nodded to the officer who at once began speaking very rapidly in Japanese, reporting what had happened. He spoke so fast that Tom could hardly follow what he said but that gave him plenty of time to study the man in front of him.

Small, but mentally and physically powerful. His eyes and thin mouth were cat-like. Not a trace of humor. Prodigious shoulders for his size, lumpy with muscle and rather stooped.

He was wearing a magnificent embroidered Tibetan lama's cloak over a red Russian blouse. He looked incapable of any emotion other than sulky delight in enforcing his will. Brown, absolutely merciless eyes, of the color of English ale, which revealed nothing except that mercy wasn't in him.

"Why was this man not disarmed?" he demanded.

Before the officer could answer he met Tom's eyes and said sharply in English:

"Lay your weapon on the desk."

Tom went one step nearer the kneeling monk.

"You rat, Naosuki!"

Naosuki pushed his chair back, stood up suddenly and snatched his pistol. Tom's foot [illegible] the kneeling monk [illegible] sprawling against Naosuki's legs, spoiling his aim. His bullet pierced the paper window, followed by another. Tom's fist hit [illegible] the nose. With his [illegible] Naosuki's [illegible] both [illegible] spoiling the [illegible] from the top to bottom letting in a flood of cold bright daylight.

It all happened too quickly for the other two [illegible] the room to do anything about it. By the time they had drawn their weapons Naosuki was writhing in Tom's arms, barking his own shins against the table edge [illegible]

Su-li Wang Pointed to the Body. "He saw me do it." She Laughed. "Now who cares what happens!"

[illegible] with [illegible] Naosuki also.

[illegible] but all he had was the [illegible]

[illegible] Naosuki [illegible] shook him [illegible] He [illegible] off [illegible] and get up [illegible] man [illegible] He seemed on the verge of an [illegible] of strength so astonished the guard that they stood still gaping at him.

He kicked the monk in the face to make him let go. Then he sat down in Naosuki's chair a split second ahead of a bullet that splintered the screen. He produced his Mauser but didn't answer the shot. At last he spoke Japanese, [illegible] jargon that passes [illegible] harbor fronts [illegible] He hadn't time to remember grammar and flowers of speech.

"I have been [illegible] fools to [illegible] caught [illegible] Naosuki's company. [illegible] you that he [illegible] Emperor's secrets [illegible] Delilah."

[illegible] had been taking [illegible] Naosuki [illegible] they were ready [illegible]

"Naosuki is [illegible] a murderer, a forger, a liar and a traitor to his Emperor," said Tom. "[illegible] honest [illegible]?"

Naosuki [illegible] to snatch an [illegible] from [illegible] but its owner wouldn't [illegible] have it.

"The game is up," said Tom. "Your expedition has failed. Naosuki [illegible] Emperor. Save what [illegible] your honor by going away [illegible] Lhasa [illegible] You may take a pack train from the monastery stables [illegible] of Tibet [illegible] what you [illegible] with Naosuki."

"Who says [illegible]" asked one of the guards.

"I say [illegible] Tibetan troops from Lhasa [illegible] to support you, as Naosuki pretends [illegible] British [illegible] Wang. If you [illegible] Japan [illegible] Naosuki [illegible] is in Japan [illegible]"

[illegible] Naosuki [illegible] the screen [illegible] the floor with a crash. There was a locked door with a key in the lock. [illegible]

"Are you safe [illegible]" [illegible] that Naosuki was dishonorably [illegible] "Where is she?"

He turned the key in the ancient lock [illegible] the door wide open. It [illegible] a bare [illegible] empty. The key [illegible] the door. He [illegible] stuck it [illegible]

"Where is she? What has Naosuki done to her?"

Naosuki was speechless, making grimaces as inhuman as a [illegible] on a Japanese [illegible]

"You were told you were [illegible]," said Tom. "You were [illegible] were being sent to do an honorable duty to Japan, to make it easy for Japan to conquer Asia. You have been lied to by a traitor who sold his Emperor's secrets. Where is that lady?"

Without the slightest suggestion of hurry, he entered the inner room and shut the door behind him. The ancient lock, as he turned the key, made hardly any noise. It was a very thick door through which he could barely hear the murmur of angry argument.

There was [illegible] locked with the key on the outside. On the stone floor near it was the [illegible] which Elsa had [illegible] the paper.

Chapter [illegible]

He [illegible] of doors [illegible] stone stairways leading to the upper floor and downward to the kitchens and echoing cellars. The [illegible] passages [illegible] twelve feet thick. At almost every corner there was a [illegible] hole where a [illegible] meditate or [illegible] fast.

But there was no one in sight. Only [illegible] the boom of [illegible] voices from [illegible] a sea-roar and the [illegible] intermittent [illegible] under-sound that [illegible] seemed to come from all directions.

Then, suddenly [illegible] unmistakable staccato rattle of [illegible] no guessing where [illegible] along echoing [illegible] must be the Japs. Whose [illegible] rifles?

Out into [illegible] sound [illegible] long cloister [illegible] hurried [illegible] the monastery [illegible] On the far side of the courtyard a big chapel [illegible] open and a [illegible] through it. Tom [illegible]

No sign of Elsa or of Tha-ga-ga, but a monk [illegible] lungs, standing on a platform was holding up Elsa's frock. It was the frock she wore in Drojeeling. He was tearing it into strips, like prayer streamers, and distributing them [illegible] to whoever could get near enough.

At the end of the chapel on the altar platform an old man, who couldn't be anyone else than the Abbot in a yellow robe, surrounded by a dozen monks who were protecting him, held a carved box above his head. It probably contained sacred relics. The monks were [illegible] all shouting at once and one of them was pointing at [illegible]

(Continued on Page 26)

Tarpon Catches Fishermen!

Seven-and-a-half Foot Fighting Fish Battles Three in Seven Foot Cockpit at Nightfall Off Florida Coast

"'Strike!' yelled father. Mack leaped for the clutch of his idling motor, but the fish leaped faster . . . under the boat . . . up in the air . . . and crash, into the cockpit with us!" writes Sturtevant Fishman of New York (above).

"That tornado of thrashing tarpon all but wrecked the boat, split the engine housing, swept the wiring from the [illegible] And in the [illegible] [illegible] flashlight went overboard.

"Disabled in the dark, surrounded by [illegible] it and a [illegible] squall coming up!

"'If we only had a light,' began Mack Mickle, the guide, and father remembered his flashlight. Without those strong fresh 'Eveready' batteries anything could have happened. We owe the happy ending of this adventure to the fact that they were 'Eveready' batteries and fresh when father bought them." Sturtevant Fishman

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES

The DATE-LINE Guarantees Freshness

NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
30 East 42nd St., New York

THAT'S WHY "EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE DATED

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

Half & Half always leaves a clean, fresh taste. Cool as a traffic-cop stopping your car. Smooth as his words: "Are you going my way?" Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright, 1937, The American Tobacco Company

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

68 years experience
IN MAKING THE WORLD'S FINEST FOODS
22 DELECTABLE KINDS
ASK FOR YOUR FAVORITES
HEINZ
HOME-STYLE SOUPS
EATERS
DIGEST
Send in Your Pet Recipe—See Reward Below
$5 REWARD!
HEINZ
BEAN
SOUP
WITH HAM
LISTEN TO
HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

Merely Players

A Short Fiction Story. Complete in This Issue.

By Eric C. Tennant

[illegible] He Cried Suddenly. "She's looking at me!"

Y[illegible]

(Continued on Page 27)

BILL'S RAISE WINS BRIDE
THE DINNER IS ON ME, BILL — I JUST GOT A RAISE
GOSH, HOW DO YOU DO IT?
A QUICK SHINOLA SHINE AND OFF TO WORK. IT PAYS TO LOOK NEAT, BILL!
TWO MONTHS LATER
YOU GOT A RAISE TODAY, BILL? WONDERFUL! NOW WE CAN GET MARRIED
YOU SHINE WHEN YOUR SHOES SHINE!
BLACK SHINOLA SHOE POLISH

ALL COLORS... AT ALL STORES, ONLY 10¢

SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE, CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

FOUR HOLLYWOOD STARS IN "TOP OF THE TOWN" AGREE

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

AT THE TOP OF THE TOWN

THE PRICE IS LOW

YOUR EYES

THE RESULTS ARE SURE

TESTS PROVE

Harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara 55¢ each

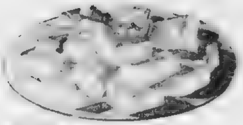
ASK FOR

DRESDEN type if your eyes are BLUE
PARISIAN type if your eyes are BROWN
CONTINENTAL type if your eyes are HAZEL
PATRICIAN type if your eyes are GRAY

MARVELOUS *The Eye Matched* MAKEUP *by* RICHARD HUDNUT

HOW MANY HUNGRY MOUTHS HAVE YOU TO FEED ?

-WITH WALNUTS



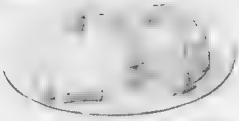
[illegible]

PRUNE WHIP

[illegible]

the best **NUT BARGAIN** of the year

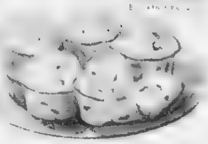
[illegible]



BANANA WALNUT CAKE

[illegible]

More nourishment, more flavor, more healthful variety... when you *"Just add Walnuts"* in all these easy ways

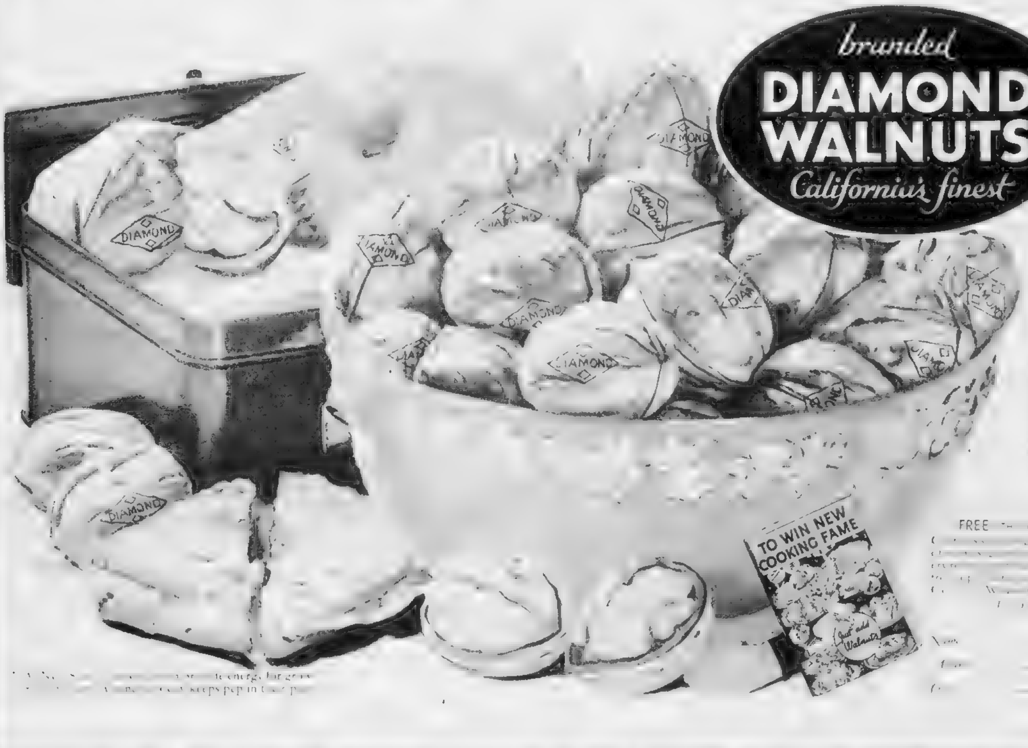


WALNUT MUFFINS

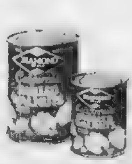
[illegible]

[illegible]

branded
DIAMOND WALNUTS
California's finest



[illegible] energy for [illegible] keeps pep in [illegible]



AND DON'T FORGET [illegible] WALNUTS

[illegible]

FREE [illegible]

Millionaires Join the "Tin Can Tourists" Who Travel By Trailer

1,000 pounds and be equipped with brakes capable of stopping

form mark

it is unexposed thus ke

rain and preventing sho

with fire extinguishers approved by the underwriters laboratories

SEND 10¢ ... FOR 20-DAY TRIAL TUBE and BLADE CONTAINER

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

tells how Senators choose a light smoke... considerate of their throats

"I often lunch in the Senate restaurant at the Capitol. Nearly every Senator and Representative there smokes, and the number I see take out a package of Luckies is quite surprising. Perhaps surprising is not the word. Because off and on, ever since 1917, I myself have used Luckies for this sound reason: They really are a light smoke—kind to the throat. It's simply common sense that these Senators and Representatives, whose voices must meet the continuous strain of public speaking, should also need a cigarette that is considerate of their throats . . . a light smoke."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

In a recent independent survey, an overwhelming majority of lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc., who said they smoked cigarettes, expressed their personal preference for a light smoke.

Mrs. Longworth's statement verifies the wisdom of this preference and so do leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera, whose voices are their fortunes, and who choose Luckies, a light smoke. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on your throat.

THE FINEST TOBACCOS—"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

APPROVED WAY TO TINT GRAY HAIR and Look 10 Years Younger

DOUBLE SAVING For Wearers of FALSE TEETH

IN NEW DESIGN RE-USABLE GLASSES

FOR ZESTFUL APPETIZERS

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITES

[illegible]

PARTY SANDWICHES IN A HURRY!

[illegible]

KRAFT CHEESE SPREADS MAKE SUCH EASY REFRESHMENTS... AND THEY'RE ALWAYS A HIT!
AND THESE NEW-DESIGN SWANKYSWIG GLASSES ARE ADORABLE!
KRAFT

Cheese Spreads . . . creamy smooth, flavorful! Kraft gives you an assortment of *eight* different kinds! And to get an idea of how handy these Cheese Spreads are, multiply that eight by dozens of [illegible]

[illegible] three or four Kraft Cheese Spreads [illegible] plate of crackers [illegible]

[illegible] Kraft Cheese Spreads. Just spread them on crackers [illegible] or put the smooth Spreads through a pastry tube to make very gay-looking snacks.

Use the Spreads in dozens of [illegible] too. And let the children have them in sandwiches. [illegible]

[illegible] Kraft Cheese Spreads.

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by

KRAFT

New Kraft Recipe Book

[illegible]

The Old Island Code *By Frank Leon Smith*

(Continued from Page 15)

istic, you great fool!' That man back there wears one, and the [illegible]

"Aw, gee, I just wanted to help!"

"Well stick to the facts and the [illegible]

[illegible]

Cochorn leaped down like a [illegible]

The guests stared at the hole solemnly. Cochorn saluted and murmured, "Good old pole." Then Carleen replaced the glass [illegible] to her feet. Now he was grinning, for a naughty little idea about that trapdoor had come to him.

[illegible]

chair for her. As she hesitated [illegible]

Mrs Mortridge looked at her. "Do you really think so, dear?"

Carleen blushed. "Don't look at me like that. Why, I as- [illegible] nothing to me. But nothing."

"Oh," said Mrs Mortridge. "Oh, I see."

* * *

B[illegible]

The owner, our hero, was a prosperous fishman. He painted [illegible] for [illegible] Now the cabin of his boat was strewn with the [illegible] of its engine [illegible] skipper Sam [illegible] to Boston with a vital broken part of the [illegible]

[illegible] went back to the hotel. Presently, in a good blue coat [illegible] white flannels [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] I hate to be- 'cause my father started it, and [illegible] I'll know definitely tomorrow."

[illegible] around her waist, and she pulled away. "Mr Johnson, this is no [illegible]

Now she relented. "You've been very nice, and you work hard. I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to quit. The little [illegible] I don't suppose you get many tips."

Tips were not in Cochorn's line. He had declined them [illegible]

[illegible] a rocket flare [illegible]

He [illegible] drove to the telegraph office. He sent a long wire to his friend, skipper Sam [illegible] a wire he would have [illegible] been sure. Now he [illegible] almost sure because [illegible]

(Continued on Page 27)

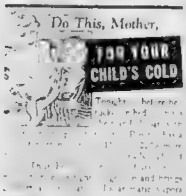
AN "OLD" COW HAND INVITES YOU TO YELLOWSTONE

[illegible] Gallatin Gateway [illegible]

[illegible] The Milwaukee Road [illegible]

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC



Do This, Mother, FOR YOUR CHILD'S COLD

Tonight, before he [illegible] Penetro [illegible] 25c and $1 sizes. For free sample write Penetro, Dept. A [illegible] Memphis, Tennessee

ROMANCE always hovers about a lovely skin!

Keep up your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with this COMPLETE CREAM

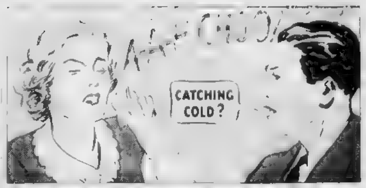
patterned on natural skin oils

[illegible]

[illegible] new loveliness!

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE



CATCHING COLD?

● When you feel a cold coming on [illegible] BEN-GAY [illegible]

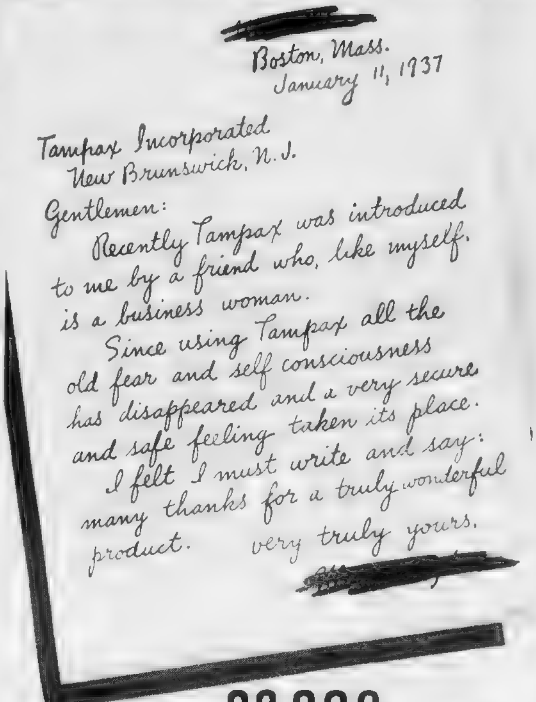
[illegible] has worked wonders for millions. New thousands turn to it daily. Be sure to ask for and get BAUME "BEN-GAY."

COLDS
RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF SORE MUSCLES

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

AN OPINION FROM A USER...



Boston, Mass.
January 11, 1937

Tampax Incorporated
New Brunswick, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Recently Tampax was introduced to me by a friend who, like myself, is a business woman.

Since using Tampax all the old fear and self consciousness has disappeared and a very secure and safe feeling taken its place.

I felt I must write and say: many thanks for a truly wonderful product.

Very truly yours,

[redacted]

Typical of the 23,000 we have received these last few months

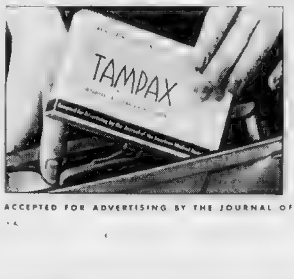
[illegible]

TAMPAX

S[illegible]

IF YOUR LOCAL STORE HAS NOT YET STOCKED TAMPAX

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



[illegible]

BIG INCOMES AND SMALL...

Millions Share this Wealth of Richness

THERE'S abundant comfort distilled into Old Quaker—the round, mellow taste and the soft "touch" that folks far and wide, whether wealthy or not, look for in their favorite whiskey. And that's why sticklers for quality stick to Old Quaker. It's nice to know that this wealth of mellowness is not for the wealthy alone. No matter how costly a whiskey you can afford, you'll like Old Quaker—and you'll be delighted with its easy price.

OLD QUAKER
BRAND
STRAIGHT **RYE** WHISKEY
ALSO AVAILABLE IN BOURBON

A BARREL OF QUALITY THAT DOESN'T COST A BARREL OF MONEY

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible]

There [illegible]

[illegible]

It was easy [illegible] above that [illegible]

Beneath the gallery behind the dais was a studded door deeply carved and painted red. On either side of it were [illegible]

[illegible] shouting about, demanding summary execution or offering welcome.

Tom went for him. As he [illegible]

[illegible] Elsa's dress.

"Where's your Mauser, you fool?"

Dowlah! He and Tom became the centre of a maelstrom of [illegible]. Dowlah shouted [illegible]

[illegible] the first horses, bolting with all the [illegible] they could [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] who had torn Elsa's dress.

[illegible] of terror, anger. Everyone except the Bons beneath the gallery scattered in search of cover. They tried to hide behind one another. [illegible]

[illegible] Dowlah [illegible]

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Thunder Dragon Gate.

"ELSA!"

No answer but an [illegible] in the darkness [illegible]. Then the muffled thunder of one of earth's volcanic cauldrons, obedient to some incalculable rhythm. Tom groped for his flashlight.

He and Dowlah were in a [illegible] whose walls were coated with a black shiny film of glassy basalt. There were niches in the [illegible] on both sides. [illegible] Tom shouted again.

"Elsa!"

[illegible] Then sometimes [illegible]. Ahead there appeared a [illegible] of daylight. [illegible] Dowlah lagging. The light increased. The tunnel [illegible] grew narrower, then [illegible] suddenly [illegible] space so full of [illegible] it was a [illegible]

"Grand place for a murder," said Dowlah. [illegible] as you please [illegible]

Naosuki, silhouetted against whirling white steam, stood framed in the mouth of the [illegible] staring [illegible] the place where [illegible]. Tom hurried [illegible] Naosuki glanced backward along the tunnel [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and right a wet path vanished into steam. The sudden, muttered thunder from beneath the steam [illegible]

"Elsa!" Tom shouted. "Elsa!"

No answer.

[illegible] covered with carvings. Tom's fingers caught a devil by the open mouth and hung on. After that he made Dowlah keep five [illegible]

[illegible]

"There he is!" said Dowlah. "Shoot him!"

[illegible]

Naosuki motionless. In his lama's robe he looked like a High Priest.

[illegible] He bared his stomach [illegible] gathered his robe [illegible]

[illegible] Dowlah sat down [illegible] with his head between his [illegible]. He spoke with resignation.

[illegible]

"Elsa! Elsa!"

He began running. He followed the path until it curved [illegible]

(Continued on Page 28)

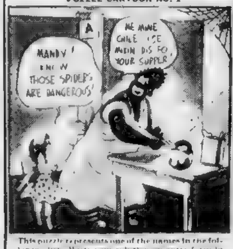
THERE'S STILL TIME TO WIN A FORTUNE!

Start Today! Enter the OLD GOLD Contest NOW . . . and Win

$100,000.00 1st PRIZE

SOLVE THESE PUZZLES . . . You Can Win $100,000.00

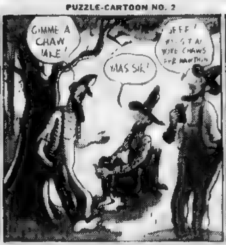
PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 1


A
MANDY! I KNOW THOSE SPIDERS ARE DANGEROUS!
ME MINE CHILE. [illegible] DIS FO YOUR SUPPER

This puzzle represents one of the names in the following list. Write your solution on entry form by [illegible] of this page.

Washington Irving, John Ringling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Oscar Wilde, [illegible] Webster, William Pitt, Jack London, Marie Antoinette, George Washington, Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lillian Russell

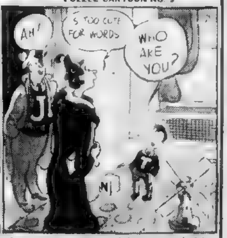
PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 2


GIMME A CHAW JAKE!
YAS SIR!
[illegible] WHERE CHAWS FER NAWTHIN

This puzzle represents one of the names in the following list. [illegible]

[illegible]

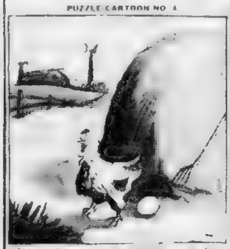
PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 3


AH!
S TOO CUTE FOR WORDS
WHO ARE YOU?
J
N

This puzzle represents one of the names in the following list. [illegible]

Warren Hastings, [illegible], Oliver Goldsmith, [illegible], Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams, [illegible]

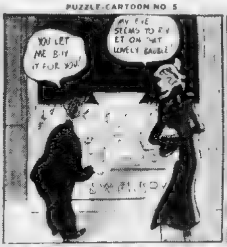
PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 4



This puzzle represents one of the names in the following list. [illegible]

[illegible] Russell Sage, Thomas Jefferson, Julius Caesar, Thomas Meighan [illegible]

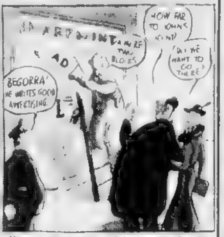
PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 5


YOU LET ME BUY IT FOR YOU!
MY EYE SEEMS TO [illegible] ON THAT LOVELY BAUBLE!

This puzzle represents one of the names [illegible]

[illegible]

PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 6


HOW FAR TO JOHN'S [illegible]?
DO WE WANT TO GO THERE?
[illegible] TWO BLOCKS
BEGORRA! HE WRITES GOOD ADVERTISING.

This puzzle represents one of the names [illegible]

[illegible]

THE PRIZES

1st Prize	$100,000.00
2nd Prize	$30,000.00
3rd Prize	$10,000.00
4th Prize	$10,000.00
5th Prize	$5,000.00
6th Prize	$5,000.00
7th Prize	$2,500.00
8th Prize	$2,500.00
2 Prizes $1,500.00 each	$3,000.00
2 Prizes $1,000.00 each	$2,000.00
10 Prizes $500.00 each	$5,000.00
28 Prizes $250.00 each	$7,000.00
50 Prizes $100.00 each	$5,000.00
100 Prizes $50.00 each	$5,000.00
800 Prizes $10.00 each	$8,000.00
TOTAL 1000 PRIZES	$200,000.00

([illegible])

Get Rich for Life!

Here's Your Opportunity!

[illegible] $100,000.00 [illegible] on this page [illegible] puzzle represents a familiar name. The correct name represented by each puzzle is to be found in the list of names printed below the cartoon. Study the puzzles carefully. Find the correct name represented by each of the 6 puzzle [illegible] printed here. Write your solutions on the ENTRY FORM below. All [illegible] and the complete [illegible] will be sent to you [illegible]

P. Lorillard Company
(Established 1760)

Makers of *Double-Mellow* OLD GOLD Cigarettes

START TODAY! EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN ORDER TO ENTER IS RIGHT HERE!

[illegible] win $100,000.00 in cash! Don't pass up the opportunity of a lifetime [illegible] THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TIME TO ENTER! And plenty of time to solve the [illegible]

[illegible] test at once; and we'll mail you immediately the Official Contest Rules and all of the p[illegible]

[illegible]

difficult—a real challenge to your wit and ingenuity.

& WINNERS' ANNOUNCEMENT WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

ENTER NOW! BY USING THIS ENTRY FORM→

★ OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM ★

OLD GOLD CONTEST Date ________
P. O. Box 9, Varick Street Station, New York, N. Y.

Following are my solutions to puzzles 1 to 6

1 ________ 4
2 ________ 5
3 6

[illegible]

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address
City________ State ________

Submit the solutions as indicated on this Official Entry Form, by Midnight of the coming Saturday, or earlier if you choose

Are you keeping tabs?
Make Olive Tablets your favorite laxative

Think! Has more than one day gone by without [illegible]?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries. [illegible]

Keep a supply always on the bathroom shelf [illegible] Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

SKIN FLAKY?
Chapped
Dry
Rough
Itchy
Burning

IF YOUR skin is overly dry, smarting [illegible]

Resinol

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

Millions use Pertussin for Quick Relief

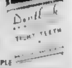
[illegible]

30¢ Prescription FREE
PERTUSSIN
"MOIST THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

[illegible]

KEEP FALSE TEETH TIGHT THIS BETTER WAY

[illegible]



Send Post Card for FREE SAMPLE
[illegible]

DENTLOCK

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine.

The Old Island Code

An Amusing Story of Romance in a Summer Hotel.

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 21)

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 30)

Merely Players

By Eric C. Tennant

(Continued from Page [illegible])

[illegible]

CONVERTS BEGINNERS—
CONVINCES SKEPTICS!

SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE
FILTER-COOLED
Frank
MEDICO

[illegible]

Don't be Misled by low price

$1

UNHEARD OF VALUE

S.M. Frank & Co., Inc.
133 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

ALSO CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

THE ONLY PATENTED "CELLOPHANE"-SEALED FILTER—IT REALLY FILTERS

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
is the mightiest of magazines

These two facts are Enough

FACT 1

The new Kelvinator is Plus-Powered. It has as much as double the cooling capacity of other well-known refrigerators of equal size.

FACT 2

The new Kelvinator runs only half as many minutes per day—during the rest of the time it maintains low temperatures using no current at all.

BUT THE PLUS-POWERED KELVINATOR GIVES YOU EVERYTHING

BUILT-IN THERMOMETER

RUBBER GRIDS IN ALL ICE TRAYS

CERTIFICATE OF LOW OPERATING COST

5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

AND YOU CAN BUY A KELVINATOR FOR AS LITTLE AS 90¢ A WEEK

FREE! KELVIN HOME BOOK

SEE YOUR NEAREST KELVINATOR DEALER

PLUS-POWERED Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING

Get Back Your Youthful Looks

FARR'S for GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

MOIST SOFT LIPS NEXT MORNING

LIP-YOUTH

BEAUTY EDITORS
Find National Trend
To Soap and Water For
ATTRACTIVE COMPLEXIONS

TO A REALLY CLEVER WOMAN

FREE
Made by The Benjamin Ansehl Co.

Tantalizing **ITCHY SKIN**
Make this **FREE** *test*
Peterson's Ointment

FREE SAMPLE

The Best **GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME**

T T D G T M

(Continued from Page [illegible])

Beyond that it [illegible]

[illegible]

proved over what he had been. He was dressed in gorgeous vel-

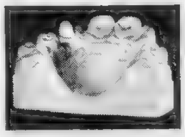
[illegible]

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC **CORN PLASTERS**

V S C
K Y B P

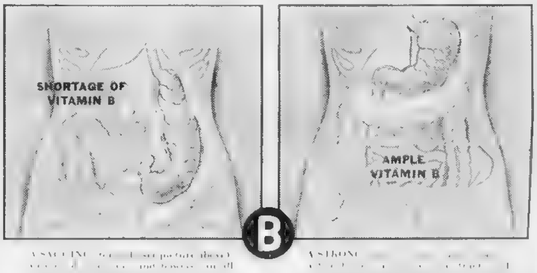
D *Not Enough Vitamin D*

[illegible]



[illegible] poorly formed teeth

You Seldom Realize Whether You Are Getting the Vitamins Your Body Needs—Until Injured Health Shows It. But, by Adding One Food to Your Ordinary Diet, You Can Assure Yourself an Extra Daily Supply of These Four Vitamins

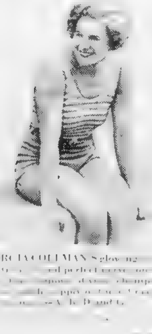


[illegible] Vitamin B [illegible]

[illegible] VITAMIN G [illegible]

G *Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth*

[illegible] GROWTH [illegible]



[illegible] COLEMAN'S glowing [illegible] perfect [illegible] A, B, D and G.

Diet Short in Vitamin A

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY [illegible]

I'D GLADLY PAY A DOLLAR FOR AMOLIN IF I HAD TO!

I'd pay *any price* for the peace of mind that comes with using Amolin Deodorant Powder on sanitary pads.

Amolin Powder is unique—it is unlike any other deodorant. Amolin is not only deodorizing but *antiseptic*—not only destroys odors but *prevents* them. In addition, Amolin Deodorant Powder increases a pad's absorbency and prevents chafing and discomfort.

THE ALL-OVER—ALL-PURPOSE DEODORANT!

After the bath, dust Amolin Powder under your arms, inside your girdle, all over your body. Men as well as women sprinkle soothing Amolin between toes and in the shoes to prevent Athlete's Foot infection. The antiseptic, soothing deodorant properties of Amolin have been tested by 40 years of use. Generous-sized containers, 35¢. Larger sizes at a saving. At all stores.

CREAM, TOO!

Amolin also comes in the form of a miraculously soft, white cream—extra smooth, attractively perfumed, non-staining and vanishing. Two sizes, in attractive boudoir jars. *The cream of the cream deodorants!* Try it and see!

Amolin

Norwich
Makers of Unguentine

DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

OH—I'VE GOT THAT HEADACHY ACID CONDITION AGAIN!

A TRUE EXPERIENCE based on a letter from Mrs. J. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

HERE, JESSIE—THAT ACID CONDITION IS PROBABLY DUE TO CONSTIPATION...WHEN I FEEL THAT WAY I ALWAYS ENO-IZE! YOU'LL LIKE ENO, TOO—IT'S SO PLEASANT-TASTING!
I HOPE ENO WILL HELP ME!

HOW ENO HELPS YOU:

Eno clears the digestive tract by its gentle flushing action—*and* Eno helps to neutralize the hyper-acid headachy condition that often accompanies constipation. Because of its **alkalizing-laxative** action, Eno gives quicker relief not only from lingering colds, but from headaches and other conditions caused by constipation.

LATER
MARIE, I FEEL SIMPLY GRAND NOW, THANKS TO ENO!
JESSIE, IF YOU TAKE ENO REGULARLY IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT HOW IT HELPS TO KEEP YOU FEELING BRIGHT ALL THE TIME!

YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant-tasting alkalizing laxative

False Teeth Cleaned and Purified by New Brushless Method

Stains Go—Odors Go—Makes Teeth Look "Live" and Natural!

Now you can clean plates and removable bridgework as they never were cleaned before. Actually sterilized and polished like new. And without brushing! Just place in a glass of water—add a little Polident—and you see stains, tartar and foul deposits vanish. No danger. No acid. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Your own dentist will tell you Polident is a scientific marvel. Made and guaranteed by the famous Wernet Laboratories—it makes teeth lose that false appearance. Money back if not delighted with Polident. Big supply costs only 30 cents at any drug store.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 28)

foreign devils out of Tibet and keep peace in Asia——"

Elsa interrupted: "Tom, is it as over as all that? Is it true about Lobsang Pun?"

"Let's go see. Where's Dowlah?"

No sign of Dowlah. They returned around the crater and along the tunnel to the great red door. It was locked. Through it came a roar of voices in the chapel, frantic gong-beats and a new voice, the blare of conches and long ramings.

Tho-pa-ga protested: "Wait here! That man Dowlah——"

Tom interrupted: "If they opened for Dowlah, they'll open for us. If Dowlah hasn't found liquor to wake his brains he has shot his last bolt. Stand back."

He fired three shots at the door and reloaded his Mauser. A monk opened the door. Tho-pa-ga stepped through, then he, then Elsa.

The sunlight through the smashed windows was dazzling. The place was a wreck. Monks' dead bodies lay in pools of blood, in a litter of fallen banners, pictures and broken lamps. No sign of Dowlah. The monks were marching, around and around the chapel to a blare of trumpets and a thunder of drums. They swarmed around Tho-pa-ga.

"The shang-shang chose!" Tom shouted at them. "It died of biting the false man's evil flesh!"

The monks bore Tho-pa-ga away toward the altar. He stood there, smiling. There fell a hush, breathless. No other sound than the groan of a wounded monk and the flutter of torn window-paper.

Then Tho-pa-ga's voice, ringing clear:

"Om mane padme hum! Blessed be the Word that——"

A chant began that drowned his voice. Tom hurried Elsa out of the chapel.

In the yard, between the chapel and the monastery wall, stood twenty bearded skeletons in sheepskin, beside scarecrow ponies. Dowlah's men! On the monastery steps stood Dowlah, staring at them, and they stared at him.

They didn't see Tom and Elsa; even Dowlah didn't. They weren't speaking. They were simply staring at Dowlah in resentful silence, and he at them. Dowlah turned his back on them and walked into the monastery. Tom went up and spoke in Hindustanee to the subadar:

"What are you doing here?"

"Sahib, that Lobsang Pun is a bahadur of the old school! Aye, a burra wallah general bahadur! There is spirit in him. On our way we met him, near that monastery. Lo, he swept us up and rolled us westward!

"We have marched like men in a dream. He had a hundred monks behind him, and more than two hundred ponies and yaks. That monastery belched provisions for him—aye, and more monks. And he knew where those devils of Bons had cached their ghee and barley meal. Nay, nay, neither we nor our ponies starved. He has marched us thin! If he sleeps, then he sleeps on horseback, and it needs four horses to carry his honor, in half-hour spells."

"And Su-li Wing?"

"She came with us. She had no more heart for India than we had, with our shame upon us. But we saw no shame in being led by Lobsang Pun Bahadur. Bold he is, and arrogant, and godly. He could make a dead man march to the world's end! Lo, behold us, sahib, we are all here, not a man is missing."

Tom and Elsa went into the monastery. They had to step over the legs of monks who sprawled, dead weary, in the corridors. Most of them were asleep, on any kind of mat or blanket they had been able to find.

It was easy to find Lobsang Pun. There was a crowd of monks outside an open door, through which his voice came, reprimanding, roaring orders. In the midst of those monks lay Dowlah, stone dead, with a knife in his back.

Su-li stood alone near the door. When she saw Tom and Elsa she laughed, pointing at Dowlah's body:

"He saw me! He knew I did it! Now who cares what happens!"

The monks wouldn't let her follow Tom and Elsa into the room. The Abbot's dead body lay on a table, draped with red cloth. There were lighted candles, and monks kneeling.

Lobsang Pun was in a great chair, by a table loaded with the monastery records. He had some Bons up in front of him, with their hands tied. He was pronouncing judgment:

"Mercy to man and beast! It is not merciful to let men die in sin. That foul stuff leaves the way it entered, through the body. Two hours' flogging!"

Tom's Fist Hit the Jap Soldier Hard on the Nose. With the Other Hand He Snatched Naosuki's Pistol and Hurled It Through the Window.

The minute he saw Tom and Elsa he roared with laughter. Tom interrupted his laughter:

"Tho-pa-ga——"

"My knowing that—the shang-shang?"

"Dead, your Eminence."

"Chou Wang-Naosuki?"

"Dead."

"You killed him?"

"No. He killed himself."

Tom and Elsa went up and bowed before him.

"I have the honor to present my wife, your Eminence."

"Oo-ha-ha-hah! Tum-Glain! Blessing efficacious! Stopping you from killing anybody! Saying you from punishment in Hell a million years! What you doing now in Tibet? Get out! Go home!"

Tom laughed. He struck his right arm on his pocket.

"Your Reverend and Holy Eminence," he said, "has surely not forgotten that permit to travel wherever I please in Tibet."

"What you wanting?"

"Ponies. Provisions. An outfit. Men—if your Eminence can spare a few. I want to cash a draft on Delhi. I want a messenger tomorrow morning, to carry my mail to Muni Gam-pa in Darjeeling."

"After that—what?"

"I will follow the trail of the Japs."

Lobsang Pun stared at Elsa. He smiled. His big beak of a nose twitched. His eyes almost disappeared into a mass of wrinkles. He chuckled.

"You?"

"I am Tum-Glain's wife, your Eminence. I will go with him."

"Tum-Glain! Oo-ha-ha-ha-hah! What about that Chinese woman?"

"Send her to India."

Lobsang Pun objected. "Better mercifully two hours' flogging. Beat the sin out. Save her a million years in Hell."

"Your Eminence's mercy," said Tom, "is too notorious to be questioned. But I beg you, as a favor to me, not to waste it. Please let her go."

"Letting her go if Tho-pa-ga requesting. You, Tum-Glain, too sinful."

"Very well. I will plead for her with Tho-pa-ga."

"Those bad rogues shall clean up. You, Tum-Glain and El-sa, you shall come to Thunder Dragon Gate tonight when all is cleaned and lighted. You shall see the Tho-pa-ga in all his dignity. My seeing to it. You and El-sa shall receive a blessing. What now?"

"Your Eminence, the forged document used by the Bon magician will be found in Dowlah's pocket. The money in Dowlah's pocket belongs to Abdul Mirza, a good old honest fellow with a lean purse. May he have it?"

"Yes, my sending to him. Oo-ha-ha-ha-hah! Tum-Glain! El-sa! Blessing efficacious! Oo-ha-ha-ha-hah!"

The End.

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

PROXY PRINCESS

By Clinton Lowndes

A Novel of Love, Intrigue and the Exciting Adventures of a Girl Who Looked Like a Movie Star.

SCIENCE MODERNIZES TOOTH POWDER

PEPSODENT POWDER alone is licensed to contain IRIUM—new scientific ingredient that banishes dull, dingy film on teeth.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Powders contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP. Contains NO GRIT . . . NO PUMICE.
—*Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off.
—*Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent Powder leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
—*Refreshing!*

● Science goes to work on tooth powder! And discovers IRIUM—an amazing dental ingredient that leaves old-fashioned methods far behind!

Pepsodent alone of tooth powders contains this totally new kind of ingredient that *softens* glue-like film and floats it away like magic!

So effective is IRIUM that a good brushing with Pepsodent Powder leaves enamel cleaner and more radiant than you have ever before experienced. Now, with tooth powder *modernized*, you can banish dull, dingy film.

Unlike soap in many dentifrices, IRIUM does not combine with saliva in your mouth to form new deposits of film and tartar.

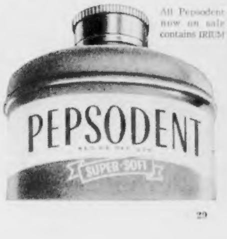
That's why teeth look whiter, feel clean so much longer after using Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM.

Teeth sparkle as they never did with old-fashioned, laborious methods.

Yet Pepsodent Powder is SAFE, because it contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. So refreshing is Pepsodent containing IRIUM that a wholesome tingle rejuvenates your mouth, your sense of taste with every brushing.

Try Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM. See how it shows up any other tooth powder you ever used—BAR NONE!

Proof is that people have already bought nearly 10,000,000 cans! So try it!



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM

USE PEPSODENT POWDER! . . . it alone contains IRIUM—for thrilling luster on teeth!

Why People Wear Clothes

ALTHOUGH the manufacture and sale of clothing is one of the world's largest industries and affords work for hundreds of thousands of people ranging from the poor coolie who raises silkworms in Japan to the high priced Parisian dress designer, no one knows exactly why we do wear clothes.

When the average person is asked why he clothes himself, he probably will answer: "To keep myself warm," although scientists, students of history and research workers say that this is far from the truth. They have a great many theories as to why clothes are worn, and there are no less than seven of these theories which have been carefully studied in an attempt to find the answer to the question.

The first of these is the economic theory, which maintains that clothing is worn as a protection against the elements. According to ancient Chinese mythology, man began to wear clothes several thousand years ago during the time of Pan-Kour, the first man and emperor, "Orderer of the World," who commenced to function when the heavens and earth were separated. According to the Chinese method of figuring this time is divided into twelve parts of 10,800 years each, called conjunctions.

It was during the eighth of these periods in which men first covered themselves with vestments of leaves and then furs and skins, since "Serpents and animals existed in great numbers, the waters had not yet subsided; men were miserable. Then they covered themselves with the skins of beasts to preserve themselves from the cold and winds. They were called The Men Dressed in Skins."

But, while some scientists believe this, one of the greatest of them does not. The Patagonians living in a cold climate wear only a patch of skin which they occasionally shift to the windward, perhaps the purest example of protective origin to be found. Nevertheless, Darwin speaks of seeing them standing naked while the driving sleet froze upon their bodies, seemingly causing them little or no inconvenience.

Havelock Ellis, another distinguished scientist, also disagrees with this economic theory, pointing out in his book, Psychology of Sex, that: "It is evident that in the beginning protection is to little or no extent the motive for attaching foreign substances to the body. Thus the tribes of Central Australia wear no clothes, although they often suffer from the cold."

Another example is that of the African safari porters who, when carrying heavy loads through the heat of the day wear all the clothing they possess, including coats and breeches borrowed from the white man. When camp is reached in the cool of the evening, however, they strip themselves stark naked.

The second reason for wearing clothes is known as the Mosaic Theory and concerns modesty. Students who hold to this theory go to the Bible as a proof, and refer to the passage: "And the eyes of both of them were opened and they knew they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons, unto Adam and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." This theory has been popular ever since the time of the Roman Empire.

The conceptions of modesty vary markedly in different parts of the world as Hilaire Hiler points out in his book, "From Nudity to Raiment." Many savage people have no conception of its existence as we understand it; some tribes apparently taking pains to display those very portions of the anatomy which a modern European would be most anxious to conceal.

Few Englishmen see anything indecent in the nude in art but would be horrified at the idea of the sexes bathing together when nude. In Japan nothing immodest is found in the fact that the sexes bathe together in a state of absolute nudity, but any representation of the nude in art is considered indecent. Tribes which wear the most clothing are by no means the most moral or modest, for some African tribes wear their clothing in a way which could have nothing to do with modesty as we know it. In fact the quantity of clothing worn seems to be often enough in inverse ratio to modesty and morals.

The third reason given for why we wear clothes is known as the theory of possession. This is explained by the historian, Ratzel, in "The History of Mankind," as having been brought about by the sense of possession felt by the man for the object of his affection. "What is most decisive," he says, "is the observed fact that clothing stands in unmistakable relation to the sexual life, and that the first to wear complete clothes is not the man, who has to dash through the bush in hunting, but the married woman. This gives us the primary cause of the wrappings, which must have arisen when the family was evolved from the unregulated gathering of the horde, when man began to assert a claim to the individual and definite woman."

He goes on to say that the man forced the woman to have no dealings with other men, and to cover herself "as a means of diminishing her sex attraction."

The fourth reason is the theory of sex attraction. Westermarck, in his History of Human Marriage, although he does not entirely deny the possibility of economic influences, states that ornament preceded clothing and "we have every reason to believe that mere decorations have also developed into clothes." In brief, his theory is that clothing originated mainly "in the desire of men and women to make themselves mutually attractive." After giving many examples as proof, he adds: "Facts like these must certainly tend to discredit the popular view that modesty is the mother of clothing, and our confidence in it does not increase when we consider what sort of covering savages often use."

The fifth reason is the Totemistic theory. In his book, "Mystic Rose," Crawley states that tattooing is not always for the sake of ornamentation but is for the purpose of magically insulating certain organs tattooed, and is practically a permanent amulet or charm.

Westermarck also states: "It is true that the things which people attach to their bodies are not all ornaments even if they look as if they were. They may be trophies of war, or of the chase, intended to show off strength, courage or skill or substitutes for trophies having some resemblance of them."

The sixth reason given for the wearing of clothes is the theory of amulets of which the distinguished writer, G. Elliot Smith, is a supporter. This theory attributes the origin of clothing as a consequence of the wearing of "life-giving substances" worn in the form of amulets because of the supposedly magicial properties which they possessed.

Mr. Smith bases his conclusions on the fact that ethnological evidence proves that the wearing of clothes is in no way natural to man, and that the earliest form of ornament was in the form of charms, such as the cowrie shells worn in the Sudan and elsewhere by women to give them the power to have children.

The seventh reason is known as the aesthetic theory. Those who belong to this school of thought regarding clothes say that aesthetics, as an instinct distinct from sex, may be observed as existing even amongst some of the lower animals and birds. A crow, jackdaw or Australian Bower bird will collect shiny or otherwise attractive objects, and monkeys do much the same thing, even showing quite distinct preferences for certain colors. It may be within the bounds of possibility that a similar tendency prompted human beings to carry about some attractive object, such as a brightly colored feather or shining sea shell.

The former might have been stuck in the hair as a convenient method of transporting it while the latter might have been hung around the neck. Then too, body painting might have originated as a means of sex attraction or as a protection against insects. Students also say it might have originated as a protection against evil spirits, or for other reasons connected with superstition. They also state that the satisfaction of the ego might have been the motive, meaning that the wearer set himself apart from his fellows by adorning himself for his own gratification.

The first clothing in a strict sense of the term, seems to have covered the shoulders and it may have been simply as a means of convenience whereby a hunter carried his slain trophy home from the hunt.

Skins of animals are generally considered to have been the first materials of which clothes were made and the natural form inherent to most of them must in many cases have influenced the form of the resulting garments.

Weaving and textiles apparently have a very ancient origin, the delicacy of certain Palaeolithic needles points to a possibility of their existence at a very early time.

From the simple Grecian costumes of the ancient world to the bustles and ruffles of the Nineteenth Century, women's clothes, in particular, have provoked the comment which men still ask today. "Why do they wear them?"

And to this day in spite of the many theories which scientists, psychologists and others have, and in spite of the huge amount of research work that has been done on the subject, no one really knows!

St. Patrick's Day Dinner

Cream of Green Pea Soup, Crisp Crackers,
Broiled Fish, O'Brien Potatoes,
Hot Asparagus with Minced Chives Butter,
Killarney Salad,
Lemon Sherbet (colored green),
Blarney Stone Cakes,
Coffee,
Erin Go Bragh Candies.

The Old Island Code

By Frank Leon Smith.

(Continued from Page 27)

side the veranda. He avoided Carleen's gaze. He was carrying his sea-bag, and he was in his old tweed coat and paint-smeared trousers. "I'll take this stuff back to the boat," he said gruffly. "Do as you like, but you can hire the Watch Island fellow if you need him. You can get him. He told me so, and he's a good man. Here's your sun goggles. Much obliged."

"Thank you," she said faintly. "Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry."

"'Salt right."

He put all the stuff on the hand truck and stalked off, towing the truck. Carleen began to cry. It was some time before she could get ready to go down to the steamer. As she came along the dock she saw Coehorn and another man—Sam Crosman, who had just arrived on the steamer—get into the dory. The oarsman pulled away. She saw Coehorn and his friend climb aboard a boat that was anchored not far out, and she saw the doryman pass up their bags and bundles.

Sadly she went to the steamer. The new arrivals had already been hotel-marked. As the Watch Island fellow was getting into his car she called to him. He went to her. He listened. He grinned. He'd be glad to work for her. His girl worked just across the street from Gun Mount Inn.

She tried to keep herself from doing it, but the magnetism was too strong, and drew her often to a place on the veranda from which she could see the anchorage in the harbor. The boat Coehorn had boarded still was there.

It was there until late that night, for it took Sam and Coehorn hours to re-assemble the engine and try it out.

"But, Coe," said Sam, when at last everything was in order, "none of my business, only I thought that now you'd got everything fixed up for the girl, and you was crazy about her, you was going to stay. What struck you all of a sudden?"

"A trap-door," said Coehorn. "Say, Sam, I'm making a fool of myself. Throw the dingy over the side. I'm going ashore."

A small boat bumped them. They went on deck. At the oars of a hotel skiff, was Carleen. "I—I just wanted to make sure, your head was all right."

"I'll be up forward if you need me," said Sam with a discreet cough, and departed.

Coehorn made fast the painter of Carleen's boat. "I'm really worried about my head. Come into the cabin and look at it under the light."

They went into the cabin. She raised on tiptoe to see his head, and he put his arms around her and gave her kisses he had been rehearsing for days, and she clung to him and sobbed. Then he led her to a settee and made her stop crying. "It was stupid of me to pop out of that trap-door, but I thought of doing it, first time I saw it, and today I had such good news for you."

Then he told her who and what he was, and what a nice business he had, painting fish. He explained that he owned this boat, that the boat was well built, so complete in every detail, that an inspector sent out by the traffic department of a big railroad had designated it as the best and safest fishing-boat in that part of the Atlantic.

"That meant nothing to me," said Coehorn. "I wasn't interested in turning professional, but now the railroad has made us a proposition. They want to run regular trips, train fare on the mainland, steamer fare to the island, three days at your hotel, and three days fishing on this boat, all included at the one price. What think you of that? And will that bring men! and are those sword-fishermen spenders!"

"Coehorn! No!"

"I can paint my fish as well ashore as aboard the boat. I'd like to set up a studio in your back yard, and let Sam and a hired hand run the boat. Then I could be near you all the time."

"Coehorn Johnson!"

"I love you—wait a minute!" He went to the companionway. "Sam! Up anchor, then go aloft and steer from there. Nice little trip around the harbor in the moonlight. I'm turning the engines over."

Coehorn started the engine. In the cabin Carleen was staring at Coehorn. It is never bad news to a girl when she learns some of the things about a young man that Carleen had just learned about Coehorn. But it was such a gorgeus surprise to her to know that he loved her.

"Come outside," said Coehorn.

They went out and sat in the two swivel chairs. "Yo! Coe!" Sam called from aloft. "Here comes the show boat!"

Sure enough the night steamer was coming in. "Haul alongside, Sam!" called Coehorn and, as they drew near the steamer, Coehorn bawled through a megaphone to the passengers at the rail, "Be sure to stop at Gun Mount Inn! Only safe and fireproof hotel on the island! Only hotel with bathrooms!"

Carleen took the megaphone from him and put her hand over his mouth. "I'd rather you'd tell me what you started to say in the cabin," she said.

So then, in one of the swivel chairs, and with Carleen's head as close to Coehorn's as it could be, he told her.

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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Breakfast Meringues with Broiled Sausage Cakes, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Peach Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Delicate Corn Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Baked Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Canned Berries, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs on Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Stewed Figs, Cereal, Cream Toast with or without Cheese, Coffee.
Luncheon Fresh Vegetable Soup, Cheese Waffles, Grilled Tomatoes, Pineapple, Cabbage and Carrot Slaw, Tea.	*Luncheon* Black Bean Soup, Shredded Green Salad with Tomato Dressing, Banana Cream Cakes, Tea.	*Luncheon* Cream of Asparagus Soup, Toast Strips, Cottage Cheese Salad with Fresh Fruit, Ginger or Peanut Butter Muffins, Hot Russian Tea.	*Luncheon (Company)* Mock Bisque, Cold Sliced Tongue, Buttered Noodles, Jellied Grapefruit Salad, Frozen Macaroon Pudding.	*Luncheon* Philadelphia Pepper Pot, Old-Fashioned Suet Bread or Corn Sticks, Fruit Compote, Tea.	*Luncheon* Potato Salad with Stuffed Eggs, Swedish Bread, Unsalted Butter, Preserves, Stewed Fruit, Favorite Cookies, Tea.	*Dinner (Company)* Cauliflower Crab Cocktail, Roast Stuffed Leg of Lamb, Watercress Stuffing, Mint Jelly, Pimiento Potato Puff, Sunshine Salad, Pineapple Charlotte Russe, Coffee.
Dinner Veal Cutlets, Scalloped Potatoes and Carrots, Harvard Beets or Spiced Beets, Green Bouquet Salad, Lime Lemon Pie.	*Dinner* Chilled Fruit Juice, Tuna-Fish and Oyster Pie with Paprika Pinwheels, Radishes, Celery, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Salad Dressing, Fruit Tapioca with Cream.	*Dinner* Boiled Brisket of Beef, Steamed New Potatoes, Baby Beets, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Shredded Lettuce with East Indian Dressing, Erin Go Bragh Cake.	*Dinner* Baked Liver Loaf, Green Peas, Baked Stuffed Carrots, Chiffonade Green Salad with Roquefort Cream Dressing, Cherry or Blueberry Roll.	*Dinner* Planked Fish with Broiled Canned Tomatoes, Mashed Potato Nests, String-Beans and Beets, Cucumber Salad with Chives Dressing, Orange and Lemon Juice Sherbet, Lace Cookies.	*Dinner* Beef Stew with Noodles, Cucumber Pickles, Celery and Radish Salad, Savory French Dressing, Apple Snow, Orange Cup-Cakes with Nut Frosting.	*Supper* Fruit Juice Cocktail, Crown Roast of Frankfurters, Green Peas, Cabbage and Raisin Slaw, Banana Muffins, Hot Ginger-bread with Cream Cheese Frosting.

Recipes for the Spring Bride

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Vegetable Bridge Luncheon.

SELECT large French artichokes, remove outside bruised leaves, wash carefully and cook in boiling water, seasoned as previously directed on this page. When tender, remove from water and drain. Chill thoroughly. On the salad plate arrange a whole artichoke, a crosswise slice of chilled and crisp celery cabbage, a stalk of French endive and a crisp leaf or two of chicory, and garnish with watercress and crisp white or red radishes. Serve with any well-seasoned French dressing and piping hot tomato ice-box rolls.

Pineapple Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, ¾ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg and 1 cup crushed pineapple (without draining). Add 4 tablespoons melted butter and mix lightly. Turn into buttered muffin pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, at 375 degrees, for about 20 minutes.

Banana Bread (Maryland).

BEAT 1 egg, add ¾ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and 3 large bananas. Add 1½ cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon soda. Add ½ cup broken nutmeats and turn into greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Egg Bridge Luncheon.

HAVE ready hard-cooked eggs, allowing 1½ to each guest. Remove shells. Cut in halves lengthwise and remove the yolks. Place crisp lettuce, chicory or watercress on salad plate. On each plate place the three halves, having large ends in center. Fill one egg half with well-seasoned chicken salad, one with well-seasoned potato salad and one with tongue, ham, shrimp or tuna-fish salad. Sprinkle sifted hard-cooked egg yolk over each and garnish with cress and tiny gherkins.

Beef Liver Loaf.

SCALD 1 pound of beef liver, drain and remove skin. Cut into slices and cook in boiling salted water for 15 minutes. Drain, pass through meat-grinder and combine with 1 cup bread-crumbs, juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 well-beaten egg, the juice of 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, a few grains paprika and ½ pound ground fresh lean pork. Add ¼ to ½ cup water, milk or chicken stock if the mixture is too dry. Turn into a greased loaf pan lined with thin slices of bacon. Press firmly into the pan and lay thin slices of bacon over the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven, or at 350 to 375 degrees, for 1 hour.

Health Salad.

PASS 2 carrots through fine meat-grinder. Pass ¼ cup blanched almonds through grinder. Add ¼ cup thinly-sliced celery. Combine with carrots. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Blend lightly with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce or watercress.

Stuffed Beef Heart.

CAREFULLY wash beef heart in cold water and cut out all veins and arteries. Fill the heart with well-seasoned poultry stuffing and sew or skewer in place. Brown the heart in a little fat and then add a little water or stock to the kettle or pan. Cover and simmer or bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, 3 or 4 hours or until tender. The dressing should be a little richer than for chicken because the heart is without fat. Season the dressing with a little sage and onion juice and any other desired savory herb, and salt and pepper to taste.

Plain Vanilla Ice Cream.

BLEND 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups scalding milk and cook over hot water, stirring until creamy and smooth, about 10 minutes. Add gradually to 3 beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Return to double-boiler and cook over hot water for 3 minutes, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Chill. Fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff, and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Freeze as usual.

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Memphis Muffins

Mrs. E. J. Schoolar, Memphis, Tenn.

Sift together 1 c. flour, 4 tsps. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt and 2 tbsps. sugar. Mix in 1 c. graham flour. Melt 4 tbsps. Jewel, the famous southern *Special-Blend* Shortening. Add a beaten egg and 1 c. milk. Combine liquid and dry ingredients, stirring only enough to blend. Place a spoonful of batter, a scant tsp. of tart jelly, and another spoonful of batter in each greased muffin pan. Bake in a hot oven (450°) for about 25 minutes. (12 muffins.) When you taste these delicious, extra-tender muffins, you'll understand perfectly why fine cooks throughout the South have long preferred Jewel *Special Blend* even to the costliest shortenings.

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Gottschalk's

METAL SPONGE

Hostess Suggestions for Cake Service

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ANY informal occasion may be classed as a "party" if a prize recipe cake is the center of interest. Serving cake is sometimes a problem to the hostess who debates how a certain type of cake may be cut and proffered to guests.

If the occasion is a birthday there is no better way to stage the cake than as the centerpiece of the table. It may be mounted on a flat large plate or, better, on a special birthday cakeboard, which offers a charming setting for these large special, or party, cakes.

These boards come about 12 inches in diameter, and are painted ivory. There is a packaged outfit which contains one such board, small taper candles, silver doily and a complete set of small animal figures to walk around the cake, if this be a child's birthday party.

Any large single cake is best not cut with the usual knife blade, since this has too much cutting force and thus often presses down the fragile cake and breaks it. A knife with a special serrated or saw-edge enables the one cutting to actually saw down the mass and in this way divide it without mashing the moist and soft dough.

Another graceful method is to use a special cake-breaker, which looks like a giant comb mounted on a convenient handle. The teeth, or prongs, of the cake-breaker are pressed right through the whole cake, then a swift turn of the wrist removes the cut segment with ease. The prongs should be dipped in water for a very fragile cake.

What is called a "sheet cake" is very economical and excellent for serving many persons. Here the entire sheet or shallow layer of cake may be laid out flat on a wooden board. Then, with a sharp knife, cut the entire cake into narrow lines crossing at sharp angles. When the pieces are separated they will be of a small, neat triangular shape.

These triangles may then be easily coated with frosting of different colors—pastel greens, rose, yellow, etc.—and thus achieve a fancy effect with little trouble.

Often the menu card at a smart tea-room or restaurant lists among the desserts "petits-fours." These small fancy and elaborate cakes (literally, "small baked ones") are made from a rich pound cake or similar butter mixture. The same batch of mix may be transformed into a half-dozen or more kinds of appearances of petits-fours.

Bake the mixture in a pan only 1 inch in depth. Remove as with a sheet cake, then cut into squares, lozenge shapes, rounds, oblongs, etc. Now frost and garnish each in quite a different manner, and you have your own tea tray of assorted petit-fours.

Small cakes or cookies appear to best advantage if laid on a large flat plate in an overlapping design—thus, a row of one variety of cookie, then another kind alongside, both set on a diagonal or smart modern angle for serving many other foods as well as cake. Never crowd the plate or so arrange that the frosting is smashed—or it will not be easy for a guest to select one piece without touching other pieces.

To cut a large round cake, do not slice direct to the center, and thus create many small "wedges," but first cut out the center, and then so slice that each portion is more like a flat brick. The wedge-shaped piece is the least convenient to handle and eat.

Cakes baked in a loaf pan slice to great economy, and it is possible to bake many recipes usually made in layer form, in a meat-loaf or "brick" instead, which slice and serve to great advantage.

Never cut a moist warm cake, as this is sure to mash down the fluffy quality which is the cake's chief success; in any case, dip cutter into hot water before using.

Be sure the home-baked cake is laid on a wire cooling-rack to air and contract before handling or frosting. Always lay the cake on a perfectly level surface; a plate or platter with tilted edge curves the cake and makes it sit unevenly, later, on the cake platter.

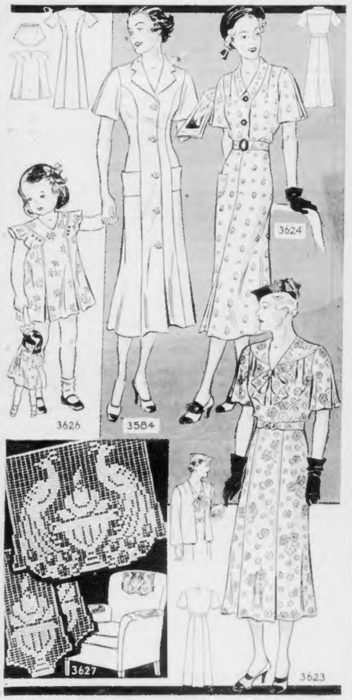
Avoid candles on top of the cake, as the wax is bound to drip down. Place candles around edge of cake on board. There are small novelty red heart candles made for the special purpose of using on top of the cake, and which do not drip as they burn.

Never place cake in the refrigerator, as this dries out the crumb. Place in a tin box, well aired by many holes, and keep in a cool, not cold, place.

Plantation Fruit Cake
(By Request).

CREAM 3 pounds butter, add 2 quarts sifted sugar and beat until smooth. Add 1 dozen well-beaten egg yolks and mix well. Mix and sift 4½ cups flour, 2 tablespoons nutmeg, 2 tablespoons mace, and a few grains salt. With 2 cups of the flour, dredge 3 pounds white raisins, 3 pounds shredded blanched almonds and 3 pounds fresh grated cocoanut. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with 1 cup brandy to the first mixture. Mix thoroughly and add the dredged fruit and nuts. Add 1 dozen well-beaten egg whites. Mix thoroughly and turn into buttered and paper-lined cake-pans. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, several hours, or until thoroughly done. The length of time depends upon the size and shape of the pans. Let cool in the pans. Turn out and store in cake-boxes. This delicious dessert was often used as wedding cake in the old days.

American Weekly Pattern



Pattern 3626—EVERY LITTLE GIRL WILL TAKE PRIDE IN KEEPING THIS DELIGHTFUL PANTIE-FROCK SPIC AND SPAN! Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3584—DON THIS BECOMING PRINCESS-LINE COAT FROCK IN A JIFFY AND WEAR IT FROM SUN-UP TO SUNSET. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3624—WHEREVER YOU GO, WHATEVER YOU DO—THIS SHIRTWAIST FROCK WILL FLATTER YOU! GRAND IN COTTON! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3627—AS HANDSOME AND PRACTICAL A CHAIR SET AS EVER YOU'VE SEEN, IS THIS DAINTY DESIGN OF FILET-CROCHET. Pattern 3627 contains detailed directions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3623—SLENDERIZING FLATTERY FOR THE FASHION-WISE MATRON—AN ENSEMBLE OF BECOMING FROCK AND JAUNTY JACKET. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 dress requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric; jacket, 1⅝ yards.

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LIBBY'S BABY FOODS ARE DOUBLE SAFE

1 . . . SAFER because they digest far more easily than the *finest* strained foods — they're prepared by special homogenization.

2 . . . SAFER because they give baby a more varied diet every day — each Libby tin contains three foods *instead of one.*

● Judy loves her vegetables—they're smooth like milk on her little tongue.

● And her mother knows these Baby Foods of Libby's are better for Judy than the finest strained foods—because they're prepared by Libby's special *homogenization* process.

● This process does what no sieve or strainer can ever do—it "explodes" the thousands of food cells in vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup . . .

● This complete breaking up of food cells makes Libby's Baby Foods easier to digest than other Baby Foods . . .

● It makes them more nourishing, too, because nourishment is digested more completely. And it means that babies everywhere can get the precious minerals supplied by solid foods much earlier in life.

● *Many doctors are recommending Libby's Baby Foods as early as three months to give babies extra minerals and vitamins for growth and development.*

● See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet . . . and get Libby's *double-safe* Baby Foods from your grocer.

Six Special Combinations

Each tin of Libby's Baby Foods contains three foods all mixed together — instead of one. A great improvement — these *special combinations* of Libby's give baby a better balance of minerals and vitamins than single foods. For variety there are six Libby combinations — all ready to warm and serve. Ask for them by number.

No. 1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips
No. 2 Tomatoes, pumpkin, string beans
No. 3 Carrots, spinach, peas
No. 4 Cereal combination — whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal
No. 5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
No. 6 Soup — vegetables, chicken livers, barley

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Libby's HOMOGENIZED* BABY FOODS

FREE BOOKLET ON BABY FEEDING

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. AW3X, Chicago

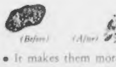
Please send me, without charge, the new booklet on the care and feeding of little babies, "Safer Feeding for Your Baby."

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ______ State ______ Grocer's Name ______

*An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up cells, fibers and starch particles, and releases all nutriment for easier digestion. U. S. Pat. No. 2037029.



Again NORGE LEADS

THE ROLLATOR* COMPRESSOR . . . exclusive Norge cold-making mechanism, has but three slowly moving parts. It employs easy, smooth, rolling power instead of hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for current used.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW STANDARD OF FOOD PRESERVATION—

LOW-TEMP

ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION

In refrigeration engineering, in cabinet styling, in kitchen-proved convenience features—Norge has been setting the pace for ten years. But not since the first 3-moving-parts Rollator Compressor was introduced in 1926, has Norge announced as important an advance as this—the new Low-Temp Rollator Refrigerator.

Here's a refrigerator that maintains temperatures *below* 40° instead of below 50°—as much as 20% colder than many refrigerators. It allows foods to retain their natural moisture. It keeps even the most perishable foods PRIME FRESH from 2 to 5 times longer than the ordinary refrigerator *and it doesn't use any more current!*

BUY FOODS FRESH ··· STORE THEM FRESH ··· SERVE THEM FRESH

"PRIME FRESH" is a new standard of food preservation—introduced by Norge—made possible by a new application of the surplus power of the Rollator Compressor that combines *lower* temperatures with *higher* humidity—Low-Temp Rollator Refrigeration keeps foods not merely "edible," but in the ZONE OF PRIME FRESHNESS long after they would be hopelessly spoiled with ordinary methods of refrigeration.

See the beautiful new refrigerators on display in the Norge dealer's showroom. See the many new features of convenience—the many improvements inside and out. Get the details of the amazing story of Low-Temp Rollator Refrigeration. And learn how easily you can afford to have a new Norge in your home.

NORGE DIVISION *Borg-Warner Corp.,*
606-670 E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

New Flexibility of Interior Arrangement

Movable insert shelf in lower position.

Baskets out. Movable insert shelf raised.

Movable insert shelf out for extra space.

Movable insert shelf and all baskets out.

With a new Norge, you have interior arrangement to suit yourself. Four of the nine different shelf arrangements instantly available to meet changing day-to-day requirements are shown here.

EVERY NORGE APPLIANCE HAS distinctive advantages that make for better, more dependable, more economical performance. Each, in its own way, saves time, work, money. Each is able to save more than its cost!

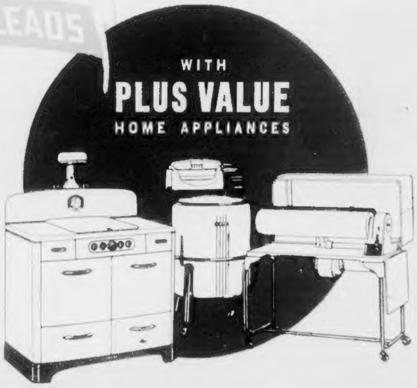
Again NORGE LEADS

WITH PLUS VALUE HOME APPLIANCES

■ Norge Rollator Refrigerators are matched in style, in performance, in economy by Norge Concentrator Ranges—every one a superlative value in cooking equipment. In the Norge line of high quality ranges there are so many models, colors and available extra features that you can select exactly the range you want at the price you want to pay.

For the home laundry, Norge offers the Autobuilt Washer and Duotrol Ironer—Matched Laundry Units that provide the simple, convenient, economical solution to the ever-present laundry problem.

Every Norge product has vital distinctions—extra merit that means additional value in terms of use value.



Again NORGE LEADS

IN MODERN HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING FOR THE HOME

■ Whether your preference is for hot water, steam, vapor or warm air—whether you prefer your heating plant to be fired by oil, gas or coal—whether your problem is a new installation or replacement of an old one—by all means see the Norge man in your neighborhood.

Learn the distinctive advantages of the Whirlator Oil Burner, the new Norge Gas Burner, the Norge Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace, Norge-Ideal Boiler-Burner Unit, Norge Stoker. Or perhaps you are interested in a Norge Water Heater or the Circulator Room Heater. Before you invest in any heating or air-conditioning equipment—see what Norge has to offer.

Whatever Appliance you are considering next
SEE THE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY!

SEE YOUR NEAREST NORGE DEALER
GENERAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
NEW ENGLAND DISTRIBUTORS
BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • PORTLAND